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Poetry.

THE HAWK'S NEST.

BY MARY MAPES.

We checked our pace—the red road abruptly ended—
We heard the installed flow
Of the dark stone dirples of pines, resounding
A thousand feet below.

Above the tumult of the canyon, lifted,
The gray hawk his solitude sang,
Or on the hill a whipped shadow skirted
Where fairer and shone-lands clung;

Or where, half-way, the insatiable side was furrowed
With many a scant ravine,
Or were shadows turned dimly turnwood—
A note-bill seen or fir;

We looked at silence down across the distant
Unfathomable roads,
A silence broken by the pickle's consolent
And restless speech

"Wallow of Mungby's slow a body through Peters
For feeling was dark,
Then up and dusted sort of South Horsfore
Across the long Divide.

"We ran him out of Strong's and up through Kokes,
And 'round the fond below,
And up this mountain Peter's brother hunter's
And so and Clark and he.

He fagg'd to, quarter-between, I all-remember
Just how the thing hear rested;
Some are trees walking, some are scattered amber
From fires in the mould.

But in our canvas all the hill below him
Was gray with ash of flame;
Quarder she cook, Stay Clark and I called to know,
And—not one day more.

He stole no sign—the fires of hell were round him,
The pit of hell below.
We sat and waited, but we never found him,
And then we turned to go.

And then—possessed what, that's grave so lately
With Satan's fiercest sun—
Settled erect sat—erect broke been a gately,
It might be none.

Rather that looked and grinned its teeth and shouted,
Insulted and dust and dance;
Seeing that coming into the depths about it,
Gently, and not gone!

"Good, Well, it, let down high rather way,
And higher broken ground
And slow looking down. A drop of whiskey
Ain't so bad a thing right here!"

Chicago Any Evening, for March.

Choice Original Story.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

HETTY'S MISTAKE.

BY MRS. H. G. ROWE.

CHAPTER I.

"Almost time for Den. to be here, Hetty?" and Mrs. Worthleigh's weak and somewhat querulous voice fluted out upon the sweet, fresh air of the great cherry kitchen where Hetty stood, with a happy smile upon her girlish face, filling a glass dish with strawberries, while she held a little quiet converse with herself:

"How much better they look in the small preserve dish, they'll have been lost in the big one; and they're real ripe and large, too, considering they're the first of the season. Won't Den. be surprised, though, when he sees them?" and the loop-vine just outside the window shook its green curls approvingly at the little ripple of girlish laughter that followed the thought, unsisted as the ringing of its own tiny bells, while several of the more ripe-raised roses with which she replied to Mrs. Worthleigh's remark.

"And he'll find his supper all ready for him, the biscuit are done to a turn, and I'll just run up to the dairy house, and get a piece of ice for the butter," said to Deanna Worthleigh, walking leisurely up the lane, caught sight of the trim little figure in green gingham dress and white sunbonnet, his face lighted with a bright smile softened the grave lines about his shapely mouth, as he called out in a cheery, ringing voice:

"Is that you, Hetty? That ruffled sunbonnet reminded me that sibling you for one of mother's white double bedspreads that had stepped round into the back yard to get a glimpse of rural life," and he laughed good naturedly at the bewildered face that looked out at him from beneath the saucy mantle, as its owner blushing a little, said in her simple, quiet fashion:

"Why, everybody has those sunbonnets this Summer; I don't see why you should think that mine looked any more like a bedspread than anybody's else."

"Because you always remind me of some pleasant thing, a flower, or—" he checked himself suddenly, and as if desirous of changing the subject asked in a matter-of-fact tone, and with a glance at the butter dishin his companion's hand, "Don't you find the ice a wonderful convenience, and indispensible, almost, in your dairy?"

"Oh yes," said the little maiden spoke as one at home on the subject.

"I couldn't get along without it now, I really believe." The young man smiled somewhat complacently. "I knew when I proposed building the ice house, that in spite of your objections, you would appreciate the convenience of it when the warm weather came."

The words were spoken with the most perfect good humor, and yet there was a hidden thorn in them that the speaker little suspected.

Her objections! Why, she had never objected to any project of his since the day when, a tired, friendless orphan, Mrs. Worthleigh's maternity heart had yearned over her, and in taking her to her home, had in some measure satisfied the souls of gratitude and affection in that young soul that were to be returned to her fourfold in her early manhood and almost helpless age,—for the once active woman, was now a feeble paralytic, utterly dependent upon the loving care of these two, her son and adopted child, who now strove with unwearied love to make her wretchless life as bright as possible.

The young man could not see the quiet tears that sprang to his companion's eyes, and he was too busy, just then, with his own thoughts to notice the slight tremor in her voice as she said, timidly:

"I didn't oppose the plan, Deanna."

"Didn't? Oh, well, I have that impression that is fearful expenditure, and I was afraid you were going to quarrel with her. But it's no consequence, any way," then suddenly stooping to pluck a stray weed, covered with its pale, star-like blossoms, he added, to himself rather than to the silent girl beside him, "there is something that would be called really pretty, if it hadn't been cheistened such a dreadfully unromantic name as 'chickweed' that wants butter and eggs' in his garden border or button hole?"

Poor little Hetty smothered a sigh, as she listened to his words, and sadly compared herself with the fair, fragile, delicate flower, doomed to plod on forever, unnoticed and unloved, for lack of the graceful surroundings that fate had withheld from her.

"If I was only a girl, beautiful, gifted and accomplished, she sighed mentally, along by his side," and could look at the world in its true, serious beauty in a worthy thing, that field thick with buttercups, for instance, which suggests all sorts of graceful fancies to him, while I can only think of the beautiful color that it will give my butter."

And the little dairy-woman glanced with an odd mixture of pride and regret at the dainty, golden-hued pats in her wooden dish, and there was a heightening of the shadow on her face, as she added in a silent communion to her soliloquy:

"But if I can't talk poetry with him, I know how to make him *comfortable*, and that's something."

Something! Why child, at forty you'll begin to think that it's everything, that, if you would retain the love that your girlish beauty now inspires in him, if you would be to the children who encircle your knee the guide, comforter, *confidant* of their youthful sorrows, then you would secure the lasting friendship of relatives and neighbors, make them comfortable.

To be sure there are people who persistently refuse to be made comfortable unless they circumscribe all of these pass Mrs. Worthleigh was one.

Naturally active, and possessing no small share of that ambition so peculiarly a trait of New England women, the reputation of being a model housekeeper, it is not strange that her present state of enforced idleness seemed a burden too great for her to bear, and that her restless spirit should find vent for its dissatisfaction in fretful, childish complaints, and not unfrequently in unreasonable reproaches and fault-findings toward her patient attendants whose every tender movement would not strive hard to remind her of the fact that even in these things a motherless girl could do what she now looked back as to a last Eden, her uneasy spirit even never at rest, never entirely satisfied and comfortable, but was continually craving a something that always eluded her grasp, and which her bewildered fancy pictured to her eyes to the blessings that already clustered about her path.

And yet, in spite of a natural tendency to look upon the dark side of things, Mrs. Worthleigh had been a faithful, loving wife, a fond and devoted mother, while the orphaned Hetty treasured up in her warm little heart many a tender remembrance of thoughtful kindness and gentle, womanly words of encouragement and sympathy that had been of untold value to the friendly disheartened child.

Nobody knew, for the girl was shy of speaking of her own feelings, how those grateful memories never left her to endure not only the burden of housewifely care that now rested upon her young shoulders, but what was harder than all, the unreasonable jealousies and reproaches which the poor invalid's weakened mind seemed to find a strange sort of satisfaction in. The tender consideration and care with which she was treated was construed into a reminder of helplessness, while any attempt at self-assertion or the slightest show of authority on the part of the housekeeping duties was regarded as a bold and presuming endeavor to oust her from her position at the head of household, a position that, she often took pains to affirm, she should never transfer to any other than "Deanna's wife."

It was very hard to bear, and many a time had the poor girl cried in secret over these unjust accusations, coming as they did from the lips of one whom she loved with a daughter's love, and to whose service all the powers of her body and mind were so ungrudgingly dedicated.

"She never would think, much less say such cruel things if she was herself," was Hetty's comforting reflection when this consolatory thought, the sunshine would come back to the patient Ben and the cheery tone to her voice, while she tried, with the tact born of true sympathy, to turn the sufferer's thoughts into other and more agreeable channels.

Deanna's case was, Mrs. Worthleigh in her unhappy moments usually adopted the "unjured" tone, hinting tearfully at the fact of her having sacrificed her own happiness and well with the equally agreeable supposition that he "would probably be relieved of her burden by death," and that she was only tender and oft repeated assurances of the contrary that he found it necessary to check her comfort, she would return an incredulous smile and the doleful comment: "Of course you would say so, my son, of course; but the truth is, when folks outlive their usefulness they are apt to outlive their friends, and the sooner they're in it the better."

Deanna thought supposo there were so many to be found on the whole farm," he said, as he passed a saucer of the delicious fresh-laid eggs before his mother, who smiled with evident pleasure.

"Thanky, wouldn't be for anybody but Hetty; but I believe she has a peculiar faculty for hunting them out. I'm still, as I always was, a little bit of a thing, but after she came here, that she would find them where nobody would think of looking for them. I know Mrs. Deacon Clark said to me once, when we were speaking of Hetty, that she always kept that gift for finding out the pleasant things of life, and to help it grow for somebody."

Hetty blushed, and the young man laughed.

"I saw Rob Mckay to-day," he said, with a roguish glance at the blushing face opposite, while his mother, unconscious of the delicate ground she was treading, took up the subject with an air of interest? "Why didn't you, I should like to know? Here he's been at home over a week, and I haven't put my eyes on him yet. It's very strange, I should think you'd need to be here before he went away."

He has been here, you know, mother; but you had gone to bed, and we thought it wasn't best to disturb you. He'll be here again before he goes back to college, bably, and you'll have plenty of chances to see him. Hetty told you that he was going, I suppose?"

"No, she didn't," and unmindful of poor Hetty's wishes, Mrs. Worthleigh repeated indignantly: "It's queer that nobody should have mentioned it, when you both know how much I care for Rob, and how I'd much I always thought of him. I remember, the very evening before he started, Hetty called me out to the front door, and I heard him telling Hetty something about his mother's being sick, and how he would be loved so well as this; and now, after being away four long years, he hasn't even had the decency to speak to me. And the really tears began to flow, while Deanna hastened to aid the soothing expostulation:

"His grandfather is so feeble that he needs his self all of the time, and he's willing to have him out of his sight, unless it's absolutely necessary. He was on his way to see you, but Prof. Gilman met him, I saw him, and—why, if I didn't come pretty near forgetting this!—and finishing in his pocket, he produced a letter which he gave to his mother with the good humored explanation:

"Rob gave me this letter for you, but I'd forgotten all about it, until speaking of him reminded me. Hetty, you know, is intended for Betty's ear alone, he added, with a side glance at the unwelcome address, "I'll endorse Jane's handwriting, and Iden't imagine 'twould be when you may great loss if I'd kept on forgetting it."

Hetty looked curious. "Who is cousin Jane?" she asked, and there was an expressive shrug of the broad shoulders, as their owner answered, with a glance at his mother's disturbed face:

"She's a cousin of mother's, a widow and childless, with a small income that she rekes out by visiting among her relations and friends, and so saving her board. She was the daughter of my childhood, and I can't quite get over the feeling even now. When mother used to say 'cousin Jane is coming to make us a visit,' I used to—"

"Cousin Jane is coming to make us a visit," and Betty smothered a laugh, while Deanna, after a glance at his mother's pleased face, grew red in his secret dissatisfaction in the one gruffly spoken monosyllable, "Well?"

"Why?"

Mrs. Worthleigh took another careful look at the closely written page before she replied with grave precision:

"A week from to-day, and she would like to have you ride over to the village for her. She will come as far as there in the cars."

Poor Deanna's face, as he nodded a reluctant acquiescence to this arrangement, wore such an evident look of mingled resignation and disgust that Hetty had hard work to restrain her laughter, but Mrs. Worthleigh's next words were only too effectual in quenching her mirth, while her heart throbbed indignantly as she listened to the cutting fact that those were the first with a severe unconsciousness of anything unpleasant in the spirit or words:

"I have, I'm sure, a large friend of your school' that it was my duty to come to you first, my friends, for Jane and I were brought up a wedding in their family (their eldest son married a young lady from one of the first families in the city), and you wouldn't have a word about my coming every year, but that we must wait until they are off on their bridal tour, I feel that I must take the time to come to you. I have not seen my kinsfolk for many years about you, knowing that you had nobody but that girl that you took from the poorhouse to assist you about the work, and I expect you've seriously suffered for want of proper attention, although I know Deanna does all he can, but it needs a woman to take charge of a household—I mean of a—that is, I'm sure you'll excuse me, I'm sure you'll see my point that it's my duty to offer my services for awhile, I shall be there—"

"I've read that—it, here's a postscript," said she read the rather unwelcome face the concluding lines:

"I've invited Mabel Rosse to come with me for a short visit. The poor child is all worn out, and I think the country air will be just good. She won't be a bit trouble to you; I'll look out for that."

Deanna pushed aside his plate with an angry gesture, and with a glance at Hetty's crimsoned face and quivering lips, exclaimed energetically:

"That's Jane Burstow all over! She always was longing to get a finger into somebody's pie. Confound her impudence! *Supposing that you were suffering for want of rest*, I'll just think he'd make her own business while she's under my roof."

There was a resolute ring to the young man's tones that proved him thoroughly in earnest, although he listened with his usual patience to his mother's interruption.

"Why, Deanna," she said meekly, and a little deprecatingly, "I think it's real kind in her to come and take care of us for a few weeks, and to have this stranger here—this Miss Rosse that she proposes to bring with her?"

"Oh, I shall endure her," said Mrs. Worthleigh and become suddenly cheerful again; "Hetty will be company for her, and be helpful in a case that needs both, and I think this must be the one."

"That girl that you took from the poorhouse," and she felt instinctively that to these new comers, the knowledge of her humble origin and subsequent dependence upon the bounty of a stranger, would entirely debar her from the equality that, as a daughter of the house, would have been accorded her independent station.

It was an habit of hers that her father had been kind at last, and that her poor mother, sick and broken hearted, had been forced to seek from the cold hand of public charity, all for herself and infant, and shielded by the seclusion and kindly atmosphere of her home, this was really the first time that the sensitive hearted girl had been made to feel the humiliation of her position in the eyes of the selfish and worldly wise, to whom poverty is something mutually akin to disgrace.

"To do Mrs. Worthleigh justice, she had never treated the child as a dependant; but true to her womanly instincts, recognizing in the always helpful but never obtrusive little maiden, a future companion as well as coadjutor, she had soon learned to bestow upon her a mother's ungrudging care and confidence, while even now, in her reasonable moods, she never failed to look to her for the tenderness and sympathy that her helplessness craved, and that night, as she comfortably re-pressed the impotent letter, that genuine expression in regard to Hetty seemed to strike her for the first time, and bewildered a little, she muttered to herself in an offended tone:

"What in creation put that idea into Jane's head? Hetty out of the poorhouse, when she never was to it in her life! I guess she got that notion from Hiram; she was, years ago, that the town helped her mother-in law her last sickness. But she never said that in public to mention that, at this late day, seems to me," while Hetty herself, busy with her milk-pans, caught herself humming in time to the soft, mellow flow of the frothy stream from the spotted pail, a line from some half-long-forgotten song that soon like the ripple of an unheard spirit, how full it was of all others to haunt and torment her:

"Been as a queen, as a kitchen wed"

And even the old girl's, rubbing rapidly her dress with the purring tenderness of the usual answer of affirmation, on this occasion, somewhat delayed, seemed to her excited imagination to be repeating in a monotonous whisper:

"Been in a queen," while the swallows under the eave just above the little girl's sinful refrain, until the poor girl's tears would no longer be restrained, and setting down the pans she threw down her head on the dairy house, she sobbed bitterly:

"What if I was poor—what if I am poor? is that any reason why you should be ashamed of me? Oh, Deanna, how can you pains to speak of it in her bitter, bosh-like thing that I neglected Mrs. Worthleigh, and didn't look out for her comfort?"

"Not the least in the world."

Hetty started guiltily, and it was a half frightened look with which she found her face that peered over the bars of her apron from the unwelcome intruder, as he lay stretched out at full length among the buttercups and clover blossoms, lazily sucking at a blade of grass, while he watched contemplatively the soft violet shadows that slowly crept over meadow, hill, and distant forest, like a mantle dropped from the rosy fingers of the Summer sunset, that the young gentleman found no fault in the poor girl's sore heart, as she said repentantly:

"You wouldn't take it so easily, if you were in my place, Deanna."

There was a softened shall in her voice as she uttered the last word, so unconscious tenderness, that always accompanied that same winsome spoken by her, but to the listener it had no special significance, for he answered, in the same cheery, half-taunting tone:

"Yes I should, too. What if Jane did say something disagreeable in her letter? It isn't worth crying about any more than if she had insinuated that you had red hands and freckles."

He laughed lightly, and poor Hetty forced a smile, as she said in a low tone:

"I dread this woman's coming more and more, the longer I think of it. I'm sure that she will make trouble for me in one way or—"

"If she can't, that's will get in," and he gayly gathering himself up from his greasy couch, the young man seated himself on the stone at her side, and taking her hand in his own with a caressing motion familiar to his boyhood but rare of late, he added in a tone that made a drop of blood in her foolish little body thrill with pleasure:

"I don't see what you put anything but the dearest, kindest and most unutterable in the world, and yet I'm afraid you'll be on the poverty of your babyhood from morning till night. So don't worry yourself about it, and if she is disagreeable, very likely she will be, for it's her nature to be, just as it is, you won't be here forever, of course."

"But this young lady—this Miss Rosse—" Deanna interrupted her with a laugh.

"Oh, that's one of the aristocratic friends that she prides herself upon owning. The truth is, cousin Jane is one of those people who are always willing to be the 'duke' to somebody else's kite, perfectly satisfied when some admirer of the kite remarks indelicately and what a fine bob! That's why she will work like a slave for those who are rich, and don't need her help, just for the sake of being spoken of as a friend of the family." She's been helping Miss Rosse kite for a good—"

The girl's face wore a doubtful look as she paused in her composition, and the small brown fingers played nervously with a strip bunch of wormlikes that had fallen across her lap, as she asked in a lower tone,

"Then what does she come here for? She will find no luxuries home, or fashionable friends to devote herself to, and I shouldn't suppose that our simple country ways would have any special attraction for her."

A free rest for the Summer, perhaps. I'm sure I don't know what her object is. But come, it's getting damp, and mother will be ready for her good-night gossip."

And as the pair walked silently into the house Hetty thought, still softly, as she looked forward to the advent of the dreaded stranger,—"Scorn is hard to bear, even from those whom you yourself despise;" and Deanna, after entertaining his mother with a description of the lobbers and incidents of the day, his plans for the ensuing weeks and his success in several new experiments in fine agricultural ins, wound up with the careless remark:

"I suppose I must plan my work so as to have a day of leisure, now and then, to devote to the entertainment of our city guests,"—a concession that little intellectual effect in sending the good lady to her bed in a most satisfactory state of mind.

CHAPTER II.

"What time is it, Hetty?"

"Just twenty-five minutes past five." Is there any special time for them to be?"

I wish you'd get my lace collar out of the bureau drawer in the upper front chamber, Hetty, the bring me a clean handkerchief while you're about it," said to Hetty despondently in the spirit of the desired articles, the speaker drew a long sigh of self-pity which was not unnaturally, "why don't they have to depend on somebody else's feet and hands instead of your own. I do hope Hetty will remember to stitch the lit of the dotted tight, so that the moth millers can't get into my blankets."

The lace collar was nicely adjusted, the gold bowed spectacles and snowy handkerchief placed within the reach of the invalid's hand, and then the busy chair and its helpless occupant was carefully wheeled to the open window commanding a view of the road as far as the maple grove that shaded the southern limits of the Worthleigh farm, while Hetty, with flushed cheeks and a troubled look in her soft grey eyes, flitted nervously from parlor to dining-room, re-arranging the flowers in the full-blown vases, and unconsciously a stray look of the invalid's grey hair, or taking a critical peep at the daintily spread tea table, with its many-edible dishes, its delicate china—Mrs. Worthleigh's marriage gift from her mother—and its cut and carefully preserved and solid silver that was at once its owner's pride and worriment.

"Hetty," she said naussily, "supposin' you run across that take a little further from the window. Some stranger might happen along, an' 'twould be the extent thing in the world for him to think as he sent through an' steal them spoons or even the teapot. I've heard of such things being done, many a time."

But as Hetty proceeded to take the desired precaution, a sudden exclamation from Mrs. Worthleigh arrested her hand, and the table stood still in its old place while she listened nervously to the explanation:

"There they come, just round the bend! Run to the door, child, and meet them. They won't expect me to come for they don't know that I'm here."

And obedient to the order, Hetty stepped briskly out upon the piazza, and crossing the grassy plot in front of the house, for once fancies that filled her mind, stood silent and expectant with a modest self-possession her own, the unseen approach of the strangers.

It was a very pretty picture, and Deanna smiled appreciatively as his eye rested upon the trim little figure in plain muslin and daintily ruffled apron, upon which the shadows of the vine leaves fell in a flickering, fantastic pattern, while the sparingly banded brown hair, or the sweet, but reserved, though shrewd mouth, and the sun in his life, the young man fancied he saw a look at once anxious and defiant.

"My sister, Miss Rosse—Hetty, this is Mrs. Burstow."

And Hetty welcomed them with a modest self-possession that had not a trace of nascomly assurance, much less of servility in it, although "cousin Jane," prompting upon her own relationship doubtless, remarked quite—unpleasantly inaccurate—"—Betty, Jemaine! That's a new niece."

"Not to us," was the cool reply. "Hel

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ty has always been called by our name, and is, in reality, the daughter of the house."

Mrs. Barstow gave one quick, sharp glance at the unruffled but calmly significant face of the speaker, and the nice little plan that she had formed in her own mind for the treatment of orphan Hetty fell in that moment, an ignominious ruin at her feet.

With quick perceptions, and no small share of worldly wisdom, she was not slow to understand that this girl whom she had despised for her lowly birth, hated on account of her present position of trust and responsibility, and feared for reasons best known to herself, was not to be treated as a servant, or even as a tool to help carry out her own private purposes. There had been a look in Denman's eye that she had been shrewd enough to interpret, and she knew quite as well as if she had studied upon the matter for weeks that to secure her own ends in this case, her work must be carried on stealthily, while the net for her victim's feet must be woven mesh by mesh, and very quietly at that.

Very quietly—and as she stood by Hetty's side, on the following morning, watching with apparent interest the deft fingers as they moulded the dainty breakfast biscuit, her tone was pleasantly confidential as she remarked with a glance over her shoulder and a significant nod in the direction of the sitting-room:

"I knew that Denman and Mabel would take to each other. They're as much alike as two peas in their tastes and ways."

And Hetty, following the direction of the speaker's eye, saw, through the open door, a sight, the remembrance of which made her foolish heart ache for many a day.

Mabel Rosse was not really beautiful, perhaps, but she had the art, acquired by long and patient practice, of knowing just how to make the most of herself, a faculty that only a woman whose life is utterly devoted to self can find leisure for.

On this morning of all others, it was desirable to make a favorable impression, and unsophisticated Hetty little dreamed of the thought and labor that had gone to the "making up" of that toilet that seemed so delightfully fresh and unstudied.

The soft waves and ringlets of paley gold were gathered into a silken net that seemed scarcely able to restrain their wonderful luxuriance, while the ear drops of pink coral lent something of their own rosy tint to the otherwise colorless cheeks, and almost cheated one into the belief that they were worn as a foil rather than an ornament to an already faultless face. All about her, from the hem of her delicate cambric morning dress to the topmost ripple of golden hair above her white forehead had that indescribable air of grace and refinement, that dainty indifference to the coarser details of life in this world of ours, that, while very pretty to look upon is, after all, but a poor substitute for the unselfish heart and helpful hand of true, whole souled womanhood.

Sitting by the open window, through which the morning breeze, heavy with the breath of clover fields, crept softly, shyly in, her white hand playing, unconsciously, it seemed, with the fresh lipped blossoms of the morning-glory that clambered across the window sill, and a smile of dreamy pleasure upon her face, as with eyes wandering over the rich expanse of forest and meadow, she listened to the words of the young man beside her, oblivious, apparently, of the uncovered shirt sleeves and toil-hardened hands that seemed as much a part of himself as the erect, stalwart figure and manly face, calm in conscious power, yet with a quick gleam, now and then, in the clear blue eye that told its own story of pride and passion repressed and controled by the mighty force of an overpowering will, guided by the dictates of a sound common sense united with true moral principle.

Hetty saw, with a sudden pang of apprehension, the look of unmistakable pleasure upon his face, as in reply to a remark of his companion, he said, in the clear, ringing tones that, without being over loud, had a distinctness that struck pleasantly upon the ear:

"You are right, the country *is* the true Poet's Paradise, and yet, if a man whose business it is to till the soil has eyes to see and a heart to feel the beauties continually passing before his vision, appreciative friends sigh and grieve over him as one whose energies are misapplied, and whose life is fairly wasted in uncongenial toil."

Miss Rosse laughed, a low, soft laugh that chimed in with the blithe song of a robin in the rose bush under the window—a lazy, selfish sort of a fellow, by the way, who always gobbled up all the crumbs that Hetty scattered daily for the benefit of his little wife and family, who seemed to find his ever ready song a poor substitute for the food that their hungry throats craved.

"And yet, poetry seems, somehow, to thrive in our large cities."

No man, but a fool or tyrant, really enjoys the conversation of a woman who is simply an echo of himself, and Mabel Rosse was wise enough to know this, and yet she spoke with that air of womanly deference so flattering to a man's vanity.

"So do dandelions and violets, but it's not their native atmosphere, for all that. It's true," he added thoughtfully, while a deeper shade of color crept into his sunburnt cheeks, "that constant association with minds of greater calibre than his own, naturally awakens one to a consciousness of his own powers—aids him often, no doubt, in finding expression for his thoughts, polishes, refines and prunes into shape, it may be, his mind as well as his manners; but then there's the danger that so many seem to have entirely overlooked—the danger of unconscious imitation, that the solitude of country life makes us comparatively free from. The man who draws his inspiration fresh from the lips of Nature herself, may be pretty sure that his ideas are his own, or at least that the expression of them is."

Miss Rosse tapped thoughtfully with her jeweled fingers upon the window sill, as she said, with a touch of quiet sarcasm in her tones:

"One's ideas may be new, now and then, to be sure, but in their expression he must make use of much that has already been made useful by his predecessors. *New* rhymes are as scarce, to use a rural figure, as buttercups in January. Where will you find one to 'love,' for instance, that has not been already used thousands of times, by as many pens?"

The other smiled good naturedly.

"I was thinking, more especially, of the wordless poets, whose souls revel in the beauty that their lips are powerless to describe."

"Then how are we to know that they *are* such?"

There was something akin to incredulity in the smile that accompanied the words, and Denman Worthleigh's clear eyes lighted up proudly as he replied after a moment's pause:

"Beyond that hill that you can see to the right, is a dense swamp that the foot of man has never trod, and yet I know, just as surely as if I had seen them, that there are hundreds of blue swamp lillies growing in that unexplored waste, blooming and fading as the seasons go by, with only God's eye upon them. How do I know this?"

Miss Rosse shook her head with mock gravity.

"You're beyond my depth there," she said, gaily. "The roots of your lillies grow in such a swampy soil that I must be excused from digging for them."

He smiled a little at the jest, but there was something deeper than smiles in his eye as he said, simply:

"I know that they are there because with such naturally advantageous surroundings, I know that they can't *help* growing there."

The idle robin in the rose bush outside sent up a shrill note of triumph, and Miss Rosse watched without seeming to do so, the earnest, manly face beside her, as she said, in that shyly appreciative tone that comes so pleasantly from a woman's lips:

"The true artist finds it difficult to conceive of a person who sees no beauty in the perfect blending of colors, and it is natural that a poetic nature should make the same charitable mistake in regard to his fellow men."

Just then Hetty tripped lightly into the room, her bright face giving no token of the anxious heart beneath, and with a pleasant salutation to her guest, and a little dainty re-arrangement of the carefully spread breakfast table, she asked in the quiet, cheerful tone so habitual to her:

"Will you bring me a pail of water from the spring, Denman? Breakfast will be ready as soon as you get back."

She disappeared within the door of the invalid's room, and Miss Rosse looked curiously into the young man's face, as if seeking for some trace of annoyance, while she said laughingly: "Hebe has but to say the word, and behold Apollo transformed into an Aquarius! I wonder how you will look as a Knight of the Buckets."

"Come and see."

He was so provokingly cool, not at all mortified, as she had fancied that he might be, at her flippant allusion to this one of his homely every day duties. No honest labor, great or small, was to him a humiliation, and therein lay his defence; for her jest lost its concealed sting by contact with the sturdy independence of which she, in her idle, self indulgent life, had really no conception.

"You had best come," he repeated, with a good natured smile. "The spring is a beautiful sight, especially on a Summer's morning."

She shook her head decidedly. The dew was not yet off the grass, and Miss Rosse had no taste for drabbled skirts and damp slippers, to say nothing of the stray sunbeams that might find their way beneath the brim of her jaunty morning hat, and she had had too much trouble in getting rid of that last freckle to risk her complexion again, for nothing, but to please this romantic rustic for whose admiration in her heart, she cared little, although from the mere force of habit she exerted herself to be agreeable to him, in his own way, by catering to the poetic taste of which she had in reality but a small share, herself.

"The grass is damp," she said, with a smile, and Denman went to the spring alone.

Slowly the days, one by one, slipped away, each full of the soft, sweet fragrance of the midsummer, a radiant bead upon August's rosary, and into poor Hetty's heart crept a vague unreasoning sense of solitude, that arose at times to a wild, passionate longing for love and sympathy—a longing with which she wrestled with all the pride and strength of her woman's heart.

What did she fear? what hope?

Many times during those weary days had she asked herself these questions, and as often her womanly nature shrank from the acknowledgment, even to herself of that unsuspected, unsought love, that the little pangs of jealousy had alone been needed to fan into a flame.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.—The Treasurer of the Central Railroad Company of Iowa presents, in another column, a strong argument for the safety and profit of an investment in the First Mortgage Bonds of that Company. In the first place, the Railroad is not one that is simply projected, nor yet just begun. One hundred and eighty miles are done, 135 of which have been built during the past season. Through connecting railroads, railroad communication is now had, by this line, between St. Paul and St. Louis. The road is practically done, the small section upon which the track has yet to be laid being a mere bagatelle compared to what has already been built. In the next place, the Company is one of the strongest in the country, its stockholders having gone right on with the work of construction, paying out whatever money was necessary from their own pockets, without being dependent for funds upon the sale of bonds. This will ensure their taking care of the Company's paper, for if the Bonds are not protected their stock is worthless. Then the road has many very special advantages for business which will all conduce to the security of its Bonds. Again, the Bonds themselves are limited in amount to $16,000 per mile, far less than upon many of the western roads.

All these things tend to make the First Mortgage Bonds SAFE. As to their profit, there is an equally strong showing. They will pay 7 per cent. gold for thirty years. Now Government bonds pay but little more than 5 per cent. upon the average cost, and the earlier the Govement uses its prerogative of redeeming them, the less actual interest upon their cost will they pay. A man having a $1,000 U. S. 6 per cent. bond of 1881, for instance, may exchange it for a $1,000 Central Iowa Bond, and receive over $200 difference, cash down, besides which he will receive yearly 3.36 per cent. more gold interest upon the capital invested. If this is not a profitable transaction, then what would be?

The agents of the Central Railroad of Iowa will furnish pamphlets and maps, showing more of the details of the enterprise than we have space to speak of here.

—We long ago became resigned to seeing puffs for undertakers, but complimentary notices for hanging a man is something new. A North Carolina paper, referring to an execution in its vicinity, say: "Much credit is due to our sheriff and to Mr. Maiden, the executioner, for the dextrous manner in which their unpleasant duties were performed."

—California is beginning the cultivation of tea.

News Gatherings.

—A girl of tender sensibilites eloped with a man near Knoxville, Tenn., recently, and when her father sought to detain her, she knocked the old gentleman down with a shovel. Her parent pursued the couple after marriage, and the husband and father having exchanged shots, the blushing bride emptied a revolver at her liege lord, disabling him completely, and then returned home with papa. Who says the age of chivalry is over in Tennessee?

—The glorious uncertainties of the law are forcibly exemplified in a case between two farmers in Bloomfield, who brought before the courts a trouble about the ownership of a load of manure, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, in 1869, which has led to suits and cross suits until settled at the last session of the Court of Common Pleas, the total cost of the amusement being not less than $500 to plaintiff and defendant.

—Ohio is bragging over a man with a wonderful memory. He is fifty-three years of age, illiterate and nearly blind, but he remembers the occurences of every day since Jan. 1, 1828, when he was nine years old. Mention any date to him in the last forty-four years, and he tells instantly what day of the week it was, what sort of weather prevailed, and what he was working at and conversed about. A gentleman who proposed a test provided himself with a journal for forty-five years, and after several severe cross-examinations proved the Ohioan to be correct invariably.

—A Chicago youth fell in love with a Colorado maid, whose father was so opposed to the proceedings that he drove the young man from his house with wrath and a revolver. Upon this the earnest youth had the stern parent arrested for threatening his life; and when the old gentleman was safely locked up, by the judicious use of a ten-dollar bill, he induced the same Justice of the Peace who had imprisoned the father to marry him to the daughter. This done, the old man was brought up for trial, when he concluded to swap forgiveness with his enterprising son-in-law, who thereupon magnanimously withdrew his complaint.

CURIOSITIES OF NAMES.—A writer in one of the English magazines, who has been studying the parish and town registers for curious specimens of names, gives the following remarkable and sometimes puzzling combinations, which are selected for quotation from among many others of a similar description: Amiable Reading, Celestial Miller, Charming Nancy Wiltshire, Choice Pickrel, Dirty King, Enough Pearson, Giddy Edwards, Holy Davies, Illustrious Sarah Hendry, Modern Leggs, Original Bigot Peele, Paramount Pye, Perfect Sparrow, Singular Onion Gallehawk, Stubborn Porter, and Tempestuous Stinger.

—A singular mode of transporting letters has recently been reported in the French journals. Two hollow hemispheres of zinc were filled with eight hundred letters, and then soldered together, so as to form a ball, twenty-five centimetres of nearly ten inches in diameter. This ball, on the circumference of which small paddles were attached, was thrown into the Seine some distance above Paris, and was fished up near that city at a water-gate contrived for the purpose. The weight of the ball was so adjusted that it moved at a certain depth below the surface of the river, the current striking the paddles and driving it rapidly along.

—A couple in Dubuque have managed to get through the winter quite pleasantly. The wife gave out that her husband had gone to Wisconsin, and that she was left with the several children to get along as best she might. This, of course, excited the compassion of all the benevolent people in the town, and she has been supported by the different churches during the past winter. The other day a benevolent lady visited the woman, and opened the door without knocking. She was somewhat surprised to see a pair of boots disappear under the bed, and still further astonished when she discovered that the owner of the boots was the husband, who was supposed to be in Wisconsin, but who, in reality, had lived comfortably on the pious fraud he had been perpetrating throughout the entire winter.

STREET CAR INCIDENT.—A New Orleans judge riding in the cars recently, from a single glimpse of the countenance of a lady by his side, imagined he knew her, and ventured a remark that the day was pleasant, she only saying "yes."

"Why do you wear a veil?" inquired the dispenser of justice.

"Lest I attract attention."

"It is the province of a gentleman to admire," replied the gallant man of law.

"Not when they are married."

"But I am not."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, no; I'm a bachelor!"

The lady quietly removed her veil, disclosing to the astonished magistrate the face of his mother-in-law! He had business elsewhere suddenly.

—Wedding invitations now contain more cards than ever, viz: first, the bride's card; second, the groom's; thirdly, the bride's mother's; then the "ceremony" card, then the invitation to the reception; then the cards containing the married name of the young couple in full; and the days of their post-honeymoon receptions; then a card containing the names of bridesmaids, ushers and groomsmen; and lastly, a card engraved with "Please present this at the door."

EXPULSION OF A BEETLE BUG.—A young lady named Celia Spinny, of Phippsburg, Me., visiting some relatives in this city three weeks ago, began to be doctored for her ear, which had troubled her a good deal; and yesterday the patience of all parties was rewarded, and the sufferings of the young lady relieved by the expulsion of a beetle bug three quarters of an inch in length from the auricular appendage.—*Boston Journal.*

—A New York Paper tells us how Christine Nilsson learned to sing the truly American song, "The Old Folks at Home," with which she has charmed our people. Being the guest of Mrs. Parke Godwin, the daughter of the poet Bryant, she heard a little daughter of that lady singing it to the accompaniment of a simple banjo. The air caught her fancy, and she learned it; and it is said she will also give other songs which have a peculiar charm to us. It is wisdom in those who would win the public heart as well as the public ear, to give home songs. We all know how one of the airs of "Fatherland" will stir a Teuton audience; how quickly "Auld Lang Syne" or "Bonnie Doon" will bring every Scot to his feet with excitement, and how "Yankee Doodle" or the "Star Spangled Banner" affects us who know the blessings they suggest. Let Nilsson give us more American airs, as well as the rich and sweet music of Norseland.

A SINGULAR EXPERIENCE.—Capt. Rohlusfin, of schr. Georgietta Lawrence, who arrived at New York on Tuesday from Palermo, recounts a singular experience on the voyage. In lat. 41 lon. 62, the captain was sitting aft; he was startled by a tremendous explosion, similar to the reverberation of a rifled cannon. The flash came whizzing through the skies like a red-hot ball, glittering with sparkles, and followed by a brilliant flame. What is most wonderful is that this aerial visitor came in a direct lines at an angle of forty five degrees towards the schooner. Between the two masts, at about two feet from the deck, the ball, which seemed to measure from two to three feet in diameter, exploded. The reverberation was accompanied by a flash of light, which illuminated the sea to the horizon, and which most resembled the artificial crimson lights which are used in theatres. Immediately after the shock followed a terrific peal of thunder, then after a lapse of an hour the phenomenon was repeated, but in a lesser degree. The second ball, which came at the same angle and from the same direction, was exactly similar in appearance to the first, but only about half the size, and the explosion and the flame of light which it radiated were not so intense as that observed in the first instance.

Book Notices.

—The first volume of Charles Darwin's remarkable work on *The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex*, has been published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It challenges the attention of the scientific world not less by its clearness of argument, fairness of statement and wealth of illustration, than by the startling conclusions to which it tends. Its purpose is to apply the principle of natural selection to the explanation of the origin of the human race. Having in his previous work shown that distinct species are formed by the struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest, Mr. Darwin, in the work before us, proceeds to show that man is not exempt from this law, and that he is the descendant of some ancient and lower form, some ape-like animal, which became extinct in the pre-historic ages. In other words, man has been gradually developed from a germ, a living principle, transmitted through various forms from the beginning of creation.

His proofs are, first, the resemblances between man's physical structure and that of the lower animals. His skeleton, muscles, nerves and brain correspond to those of the monkey, seal and other animals. Many of the lower animals, especially monkeys and baboons, have the same tastes, and suffer from the same diseases as man. The baboon will get drunk and the monkey will use tobacco. The embryo of a man, a dog, a seal, or a bat can, at first, hardly be distinguished from each other. Then again, man has certain organs in a rudimentary condition which seem to be a relic of a lower form of existence. Thus he has a rudimentary tail, and the muscles which enable the horse to twitch his skin can occasionally be detected in individuals of the human race. In short, an extraordinary correspondence is shown between the general structure, chemical composition and constitution of man and those of the higher mammals, especially the apes.

The resemblances between the mental faculties of man and those of the lower animals are not so apparent, but Mr. Darwin is daunted by no difficulties, and follows up his resemblances with marked ingenuity. He assumes that there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties. They have the same senses, hence their fundamental intuitions must be the same. They have some instincts in common and are excited by the same emotions. A dog shows pride and gratitude and shame. Monkeys dislike being laughed at, and exhibit wonder and curiosity. Many curious instances of the intelligence of animals and their capacity for improvement are given. It is now generally conceded that they have some reasoning powers, and that they learn caution by experience. The ape-like progenitors of man, by habitual practice, gradually developed their higher faculties, and the stronger tribe overcoming the weaker, transmitted their acquired experience and enlarged faculties to their offspring. But it is impossible here to follow up this branch of the argument. It is strongly put, but has weak points, much is assumed and there are some ugly gaps to be filled. But whatever may be thought of the general conclusion, it must be admitted that Mr. Darwin has brought the whole animal kingdom a long stride nearer man. He forces us to acknowledge our near relation to them.

His views are finding wide acceptance. All Germany has adopted them; in England scientific men are divided, Owen leading the opponents and Huxley the advocates of the new theory, with nearly all the younger naturalists on his side. In this country Agassiz, with perhaps a majority of naturalists, opposes it. Whatever may be its fate, it cannot be doubted that its promulgation will do much to stimulate research and promote the advancement of knowledge.—Sold by Bailey & Noyes.

—We have received from the Harpers No. 357 of their Library of Select Novels, *Bred in the Bone*, [illegible] by the author of "Gwendoline's Harvest," "Carlyon's Year," etc. Illustrated. Price 50 cents. Also, *Local Taxation*, a report of the commission appointed by the Governor of New York, to revise the laws regarding taxation. That David A. Wells was chairman of this board is sufficient to recommend its suggestions to the careful study of all who are giving attention to the question of what are the best ways of assessing and collecting taxes. Radical changes in the present system are recommended.—For sale by Bailey & Noyes.

—The Appletons publish in two volumes, beautifully bound in green, Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge's most popular novel, *The Heir of Redclyffe*, which, having passed through many editions both in England and America, never had a more attractive dress than this. It was with the profits of the first editions of this work, that the amiable and pious authoress fitted out a missionary schooner for the use of a mission to New Zealand, where she has also endowed a missionary college. In all her works she is ever the champion of the High Church party in the Church of England.—For sale by Bailey & Noyes.

PERIODICAL NOTES.—The *Eclectic*, for April, has for its leading article an essay from the North British Review, upon "Philosophy, Psychology and Metaphysics," being an attempt to render clear as possible the distinction between these subjects, so often confounded for want of definite understanding of the terms. "The Meaning of the Prussian Triumph," is a strong appeal to Englishmen to interfere to prevent Germany from dismembering France. A striking portrait of Gambetta embellishes this number.

The April number of *Our Young Folks* is very instructive as well as entertaining, and handsomely illustrated. Among the contributors are J. T. Trowbridge, C. A. Stephens, Mrs Diaz, Elizabeth Stewart Phelps and Helen C. Weeks, who contributes an interesting sketch entitled "Two Days in Mammoth Cave."

The Atlantic for April is largely filled with continuations of serial articles. Mr. Fields continues his interesting reminiscences of Hawthorne. Mrs. Spofford gives her experiences with "Footpads." Edmund Quincy contributes a sketch of "Count Rumford." There is an interesting paper on Prussia, a poem by the late Alice Carey, touching and significant, and other things well worth reading.

The little *Nursery*, for April, with its umbrella pictures, is seasonable, beautiful, and very entertaining to little folks.

The April number of *The Herald of Health*, has an article on "Personal Influence," by Henry Ward Beecher, a poem by the late Alice Carey, and a valuable article on "Boys, and what to do with them."

Blackwood for March, has articles on King's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, More Roba di Roma, an historical account of the Castle of St. Angelo, a paper on the "British Navy," a "Retrospect of the War," and "The Sick Army and its Doctors", a discussion of the proposed reforms in the British army. These together with instalments of two continued stories, make up an average number.

The Little Corporal for April is handsomely printed and pictured, and full of bright and pleasant things.

—An artful dodger in Boston prevailed on a teamster who was driving a team loaded with $5000 worth of goods to go up into the fourth story of a building for another bundle, and while he was waiting there the stranger went down another way and drove off with the team.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

Congress has spent another week in unprofitable discussion, and the flood gate having been opened there is no telling when the flow of angry talk will cease. Voting down all other business, the Senate has resolved that it will consider at the present session only the Deficiency Appropriation bill and the subject of the execution of the laws for the suppression of the Ku-Klux outrages in the South. This opens the door for interminable discussion on the condition of the Southern States, each party charging the disturbances there upon the other. Mr. Scott opened the debate with a long speech on the North Carolina Ku-Klux investigation, charging that the purpose of the organization is to overthrow the reconstruction acts and disfranchise the negroes. Messrs. Blair, Bayard and other Democratic Senators, vehemently deny that the Democratic party has any connection with the offences committed. Meantime Mr. Sumner adds to the general excitement and confusion by persistently thrusting in a speech at every opportunity, against the San Domingo scheme. Quite a lively skirmish occurred on Thursday when he attempted to read a series of resolutions against the employment of the Navy to intimidate Hayti during the pendency of negotiations. He was interrupted by Senator Conkling, and others, on the ground that he was making a speech in violation of the agreement that no business should be attended to except the deficiency bill and the Ku-Klux outrages, and he was not permitted to finish the reading of the resolutions. On Friday the House resolution for a final adjournment on Monday was laid on the table. Mr. Sumner succeeded, after some discussion, in getting his resolution on the employment of our naval vessels in San Domingo waters placed on the calendar for consideration, and he gave notice that he should address the Senate on the subject on Monday. The deficiency appropriation bill was then taken up and amended by appropriating $12,000 and $5,000 worth of clothing to the aged poor of the District. On Saturday the newly elected Senator Clayton, of Arkansas, took his seat. Mr. Sumner offered a resolution inquiring into the cost of supporting our navy on the coast of San Domingo, but it was objected to and laid aside. The claims of Messrs. Blodgett and Goldthwait to represent Georgia in the Senate, were discussed without result. The deficiency bill was amended so as to appropriate $200,000 for a life-saving apparatus and stations on the coast of New Jersey, and then passed. On Monday the galleries, corridors and cloak rooms were crowded by a audience eager to hear Mr. Sumner speak on the employment of our navy in the San Domingo waters. He spoke for three hours and a quarter and was listened to with the closest attention throughout. He did not discuss the main question of the annexation of San Domingo, but confined himself to the employment of our navy in menacing Hayti, and maintaining the usurper, Baez, in power, which he declared to be in violation of public law, international and constitutional. He charged the President with placing himself at the head of a more powerful Ku-Klux than that of the South, and said that if he had bestowed half the time and zeal on the South that he gave to San Domingo, tranquility would have reigned everywhere within our borders. At the close of his speech Messrs. Morton and Howe made brief replies. On Tuesday Senator Sumner presented memorials asking for measures to secure a Court of Nations, in which all international questions may be decided without appeal to the sword; also a resolution of inquiry as to the exclusion of Frederic Douglass and son from the privileges of travellers on a Potomac steamer. Senators Howe and Frelinghuysen took up the argument against Sumner's San Domingo speech, and Schurz made a telling reply.

The House has done little or nothing, awaiting the action of the Senate on the question of adjournment. The President on Thursday sent in a message calling attention to the condition of affairs in the South, and recommending legislation to secure life, liberty and property in all parts of the United States. After a long discussion, in which the Democrats declared that they did not shrink from debate, the message was referred to a special committee and the House adjourned to Monday to give the committee ample time to act upon it. On Monday, Mr. Hibbard, one of the new Democratic members from New Hampshire, offered a series of resolutions opposing the rapid extinguishment of the public debt by burdensome taxation, and declaring that taxes should be for revenue only. They led to some debate, but before they were finally disposed of the House adjourned. On Tuesday the Ku-Klux bill was under debate, and it was agreed not to call the question till Monday.

—The Senate of North Carolina, sitting as a high court of impeachment, has found Gov. Holden guilty on six of the articles against him, and an order has been passed removing him from office, and disqualifying him from holding any office of profit or honor in the State; the vote was a strictly party one.—During a Crispin disturbance in Hopkinton, Mass., last week, three of the striking shoemakers were badly hurt, while attempting to force their way into the shop of their former employer.—An animated canvass is progressing in Connecticut, the new element of colored voters making the contest more exciting; the election occurs next Monday.—The President has issued a proclamation against unlawful combinations in South Carolina, commanding all persons concerned in them to disperse and retire to their respective abodes within twenty days from date.—The admission of the New Hampshire delegation makes the Democratic strength in the House exactly one hundred.—The Joint High Commission is said to be making good progress towards a complete settlement of the matters before it; the fishery question will be so adjusted as to remove all annoyances to New England fishermen.—The subscriptions to the new loan now amounts to over $27,000,000.—The San Domingo Commissioners arrived at Washington on Monday; the President will transmit their report to Congress at an early day, but will not recommend action upon it at the present session.—The Democrats in Congress have appointed a Committee to prepare an address to the people of the United States.—The great speech of Mr. Sumner on San Domingo, is the event of the week at Washington; the crowd in the Senate Chamber was larger than it has been since the impeachment trial, and the audience listened in breathless silence, except when applauding such passages as the assertion that the President in his usurpations "had not even a puff of authority."

FOREIGN.

March 23d.—The government continues its temporizing policy toward the insurgent National Guards, who have now occupied all the fortifications on the west of Paris. Gov. Chanzy was not killed, but shamefully treated and imprisoned. He is held by the insurgents as a hostage, and they will shoot him if attacked. A body of citizens have made a demonstration in the streets in favor of order, but at the insurgents' headquarters their passage was barred by bayonets, and after an angry altercation they retired. In the Assembly at Versailles yesterday, Thiers announced that the government would not declare war against the insurgents unless instructed to do so by the Assembly. An army of 47000 men protects the Assembly. In Paris last night the National Guard fired upon the citizens in the Place Vendome, killing five and wounding many others. Baron Nathan, who was exhorting the crowd to advance against the illegal occupation of the Place by the Nationals, received two shots in the chest. There was a terrible scene for five minutes and then the crowd broke into terror-stricken retreat. At least thirty persons were killed and wounded. The affair created great consternation among the people of Paris. The Rue de la Paix is a pool of blood and no man's life is safe in Paris. These riotous proceedings in Paris, involving violations of the preliminary treaty, have aroused Bismarck, and in a short, sharp note he says that if the line of telegraph to Pantin, cut by the insurgents, is not repaired within twenty-four hours Paris will be treated as an enemy, and if any more treaty violations occur the Germans will open fire from the forts upon the city. Favre replied that the insurrection was a surprise to the government, but would be repressed, and it is intimated that the government would be glad to co-operate with the Germans in the position they have taken. The insurgents buried Gens. Lecomte and Thomas like dogs, in the ditch. The Paris Journal says Bismarck has informed Thiers that the Germans will occupy Paris Sunday, unless by that time Thiers is master of the situation.

March 24th.—The insurrection in Paris is fast assuming the proportions of a revolution. Certain quarters are drenched in blood, while prominent and respectable citizens are hourly assassinated by the mob. The most appalling scenes are being enacted, the ferocious insurgents parading the corpses of their victims on the boulevards amid yells and curses. Great consternation prevails among the respectable classes, private dwellings are kept closed, and the terror-stricken people are flying from the city. The National Assembly has adopted an order calling upon every department of France for a battalion of volunteers to support the government. The German troops are preparing to occupy the forts surrounding Paris. They have already taken possession of Fort St. Denis, and guns of a heavy calibre are pointed towards the city. The German troops will not, however, interfere, unless hostility towards Germany is manifested by the insurgents, whereat the latter rejoice. A desperate encounter is imminent between the insurgents and the citizens who support the government. The insurgents still hold the Place Vendome, and have been reinforced with two guns. Their commander says the people who made the demonstration provoked them by yells of derision and fired first, killing one of his command.

March 26th.—Menotti Garibaldi has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the insurgent nationals. It is believed that affairs are improving. The disturbance does not spread to other quarters of France, notwithstanding emissaries have been sent out by the insurgents. There are also signs of serious dissensions among themselves. The government has the assurance that 50,000 men will march from Boulogne to support the cause of order. The orderly Nationals and loyal troops have assembled in the Place de la Bourse, and the insurgents threaten to give them battle. The elections in Paris passed off quietly to-day, and the central committee has resigned its functions to the newly elected municipal government. Gen. Chanzy has been set free and has left for Versailles. An outbreak at Lyons has been suppressed. The Central Committee of the insurgents say they organized because Thiers was co-operating with Bismarck for the overthrow of the republic. Their object is to revive municipal rights for Paris and to form one vast republic under the regime of a commune, based on compulsory education. They ignore the Versailles government and declare all its acts null.

March 27th.—The Paris elections resulted in an overwhelming communist majority, and the revolutionary authorities are completely dominant. The revolution is likely to spread to all the large towns and make the position of the government in the rural districts untenable. The new government has been proclaimed at Lyons. Already it is reported that Thiers will be forced to resign, and that the Versailles government is defunct. Of the 500,000 voters in Paris, only 200,000 voted. The richer citizens abstained from voting, and the merchants voted the conservative tickets. The London Times says the Germans ask permission of the Versailles government to occupy Paris, and are refused.

March 28th.—The revolutionists claim 75 of 92 members elected to the Council. Bismarck has offered Thiers aid to quell the revolution, which is declined with the assurance that active measures will be taken against the insurgents within a limited period. The Prussian outposts have advanced to the gates of Paris. The government has resumed power in Lyons, Marseilles and other provincial cities. The Journal Official advocates the assassination of the duke D'Aumale. Republican demonstrations are being made in Spain.

Germany.—The German Parliament was opened on the 21st by the Emperor William in person. In his speech, after referring to the glorious but trying war which Germany has victoriously prosecuted for independence, and the accomplishment of that union and security of frontier for which she has so long struggled, he said that the constitution of her armies guarded against the abuse of acquired power, and the independent Germany respects the independence of others. Bismarck has been elevated to the rank of Prince of the German empire, and Von Moltke presented with the grand cross of the order of the Iron Cross.

Great Britain.—The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne with the Princess Louise was celebrated at Windsor on the 21st with great brilliancy. We copy a description of the ceremony in another column. Napoleon visited Windsor Castle on Monday and remained an hour with Queen Victoria and family. An address of welcome was read, and crowds of people filled the grounds, cheering the emperor heartily.

—An Havana despatch says that the sugar crop will be from one-fifth to one-quarter less than last year.

—The maple sugar crop will not be abundant this year.

Matters in Maine.

ANDROSCOGGIN.

The Journal says that there are four firms in that city who do a very considerable business in collecting ashes and swill, exchanging soap for them, and in raising swine. There are 20,000 bushels of ashes collected annually and untold acres of swill. Probably two thirds of the people in the State make their swill buy their soap. The dealers pay 15 cents a bushel for unleached ashes; they send them to Yarmouth and the Kennebec, getting 18 cents per bushels for them delivered at the cars.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. E. G. Hawkes, of Mechanic Falls, lately assistant Superintendent of the government buildings in this city. A worthy and useful man.

The Congregational church at Auburn has voted to discontinue afternoon preaching service during the summer months. This Society is now about out of debt.

Mayor Garcelon, in his inaugural, says Lewiston and Auburn will, within 20 years, have a population of 50,000, and he hopes these cities will be united.

The Mechanic Falls Herald is offered for sale by Mr. Moody, who, we understand, proposes to remove to Skowhegan to take charge of the Reporter.

Cyrus Knapp, of East Livermore, is appointed Judge of Probate, in place of Enos T. Luce, made Judge of Lewiston Municipal Court.

The suicide of Mr. L. G. Hayden, of Livermore Falls, was in consequence of an incurable cancer with which he was afflicted.

A few members of the M. E. church at Livermore Falls have purchased a pleasant residence for their pastor.

The reviving and healing effects of swinging damages upon the poor victims of defective roads are wittily referred to in the inaugural of Mayor Littlefield of Auburn.

The Lewiston Journal says that Rev. David Garland, of Bethel, with a salary of only $300 a year, has been settled over his society 20 years, and by industry and prudence, has secured a good home and library.

A lattice bridge is to replace the one carried off at Livermore Falls, at a cost of $10,000.

AROOSTOOK.

An Aroostook correspondent writes that J. S. Tarbox, of Linneus, has more logs to sell this year than any other man in the county, and that the prospect is that lumber will be higher than for three years past.

At the S. J. Court in Houlton, Judge Dickerson decided that the county commissioners may lay out the Molunkus valley road, and their assessments are sustained.

The Patten academy under the charge of Mr. Leavitt, has 73 students.

One of the articles in the town warrant of Presque Isle was "to see if the town will exempt G. B Wellington's horse from taxation."

The Sunrise (newspaper) is to appear next week broadened and lengthened. It is also to rise two days earlier each week hereafter.

CUMBERLAND.

A correspondent at Bridgton, "A Lover of Truth," writes as follows in regard to a paragraph recently published in the Transcript, stating that a Bullockite Baptist preacher over a year ago immersed several persons through the ice at West Bridgton, with disastrous effects upon his body and mind:

The preacher [illegible] is a minister of good standing in the Free Will Baptist denomination, and in pursuance of his duties as a minister of the gospel, he did baptize five persons through the ice on the 14th of Feb. 1869. I was present, and can safely say that the minister suffered no inconvenience in performing his duty, as I heard him remark that he felt as free from disease for hours after, as ever in his life; (although his health had been failing for some time previous) I view it as folly to suppose that this resulted in lunacy for he continued to attend to his ministerial labors for more than eight months, baptizing eight persons in the course of the following summer; and at all times sustained by *Him* whose grace is sufficient. About the 6th of November following, he was overpowered by disease, and for the most of the time for eight days, he was bereft of his reason; at the end of that time, reason returned, and has been retained up to the present. In four weeks from the time of prostration, he preached a short but very instructive discourse; he also preached a number of times in the winter and spring following; but continuing feeble, he ceased his labors until he should be able to resume them; but during his illness he has never failed to lead in his family devotions, and ever conducting the same with a calm sense of what he was doing, (not as a lunatic). He has also attended to business affairs with accuracy, advising when not able to attend to them personally. As to sacrificing body and mind to creed—his creed is the Scriptures of Divine truth, and he has never counted any sacrifice too dear (which the Author of the creed demands), if it was for the advancement of the cause of truth and the salvation of souls.

We learn from the Telegraph that Mrs. Hannah S. Adams, of Brunswick, was found dead in her bed last week, in a natural position with eyes closed, having evidently dropped away in her sleep. She was found by her daughter who came to call her to breakfast.

Deering elected a citizen's ticket on Tuesday, there being no party contest. A plan is proposed to abolish the present system of school districts, so that the schools may be improved under town management. The meeting adjourned to Monday next to act upon unfinished business. The selectmen elected, are David Torrey, Andrew Hawes and Edward Payson; treasurer, J. S. Ricker.

Miss M. G. Thomas is appointed postmistress at West Harpswell.

Brunswick elected Henry Carville, Captain Bates and L. E. Smith, selectmen—all republicans.

Hon S. F. Perley, of Naples, delivered a lecture in the Y. M. C. A. course at South Bridgton on Friday week, taking for his subject "Our State Institutions." He is especially interested in prison reform, believing that prisoners should be educated while in custody.

After an excited town meeting, Harrison refuses to reconsider its action in locating the town house at the Village, and appointed a committee to select a lot. As the opponents of the movement are beaten by a majority of only 0, they do not propose to give it up so.

Horace Whitney of Harrison, got a bad flesh wound on nose and lip by the bursting of a gun; he was discharging the piece over his head, on account of a slug that had stuck in the barrel.

The paper mill at Topsham is to be put in running order at once.

FRANKLIN.

A correspondent in Franklin county writes that the season there is about three weeks earlier than for three years before.—A large business in maple sugar is being done.—A bridge at Madrid, built last season, was taken away by the ice freshet.

HANCOCK.

The steam house and workshop connected with Beasley & Co.'s shipyard at Bucksport, were burned on Monday night. Loss estimated at $1500.

KENNEBEC.

A remarkable calamity occurred at Hallowell during the great rain storm of the 21st, involving the loss of a life and of a large amount of property. The Vaughan stream has worn in the steep and lofty hillside, on which Hallowell is built, a deep gorge, or ravine. In one half mile the stream falls 188 feet, and it makes 9 abrupt descents, 4 of them over dams. Usually the stream is very small, but it is very sensitive to rain falls. On the 20th the water was so low that the mills stopped work. But the rain of Tuesday filled the reservoir of the upper dam, a stone structure 15 or 20 feet high, built many years ago, and the immense pressure together with the weakening of the foundation by the action of frost caused the dam to give way. A terrible torrent leaped at once into the narrow valley sweeping away everything in its path. The dam of Page's slate mill was destroyed; McClench's pattern-shop was much damaged, and his blacksmith shop completely wrecked; the whiting mill of Page & Co. was drenched with water and mud; immense boulders weighing several tons were lodged in a shed attached to the mill; a large steam boiler was swept away and has not since been seen; scarcely a vestige was left of the street bridge; the flood then struck the four-story wooden building, used as a wool-shop by Zenas King, and filled with a large amount of wool, instantly tearing it in pieces and sweeping it into the Kennebec; Mr. King was in the building at the time, and his body has not been recovered. The buildings destroyed and injured were not very valuable and $3000 or $4000 will replace the dams. The loss of wool in King's shop amounted to about $6500.

Mayor Eveleth, of Augusta, in his inaugural stated that the Spragues had already invested $523,030 in the improvement of their property in that city; over $500,000 more is to be expended this year.

A case of elephantiasis is trying the skill of the doctors at Waterville; the legs of the patient are enormously swollen, the skin becoming hard and rough.

The captain of a vessel chartered at Gardiner to take a cargo to Florida, attempted to play a sharp trick on Capt. B. A. Neal and others who had chartered her. He put in at Holmes Hole and sold part of the cargo, reporting it as thrown overboard. He had forged upon the bill of lading permission to put the hay on deck. But Capt. Neal found he had been selling what he reported as thrown overboard, and also discovered the forgery. He forced the scamp to settle up by paying $520.

Rev. J. D. Fulton, of Boston, is to deliver the oration before the literary societies at the Colby commencement, and Rev. Dr. Ide, of Springfield, will preach the sermon before the Missionary Society. Chandler's Band of this city, and the Boston Quintette Club furnish the music.

Mrs. Hamly, of Clinton, was recently found dead, entangled in the bushes near her residence. She had evidently left the house intending to drown herself, says the Mail, as she left a note behind to that effect.

A lad named Rhines, at Gardiner, sawed his left foot almost completely off in Gray's saw mill the other day, but it is thought the foot can be saved.

Bodwell & Wilson, of Hallowell, have a large contract for granite for a bridge at Philadelphia.

The saw mill of George Estes, in China, caught fire from friction the other night. The gate was left in such a manner that it started up in the night and set the mill running, and these misdirected energies brought on a conflagration.

The amusement hall of the Togus Military Asylum was burned last week, and the main building was with difficulty saved. Loss 20,000, no insurance. This is a serious drawback to the comforts of the inmates of the asylum, and it is to be hoped it will be speedily replaced.

Hallowell voted 143 to 28 in favor of lending its credit for $5000 to the steam saw mill.

KNOX.

When Litchfield was arraigned for sentence for complicity in the bank burglary, he solemnly called upon God to witness to his entire innocence. The sentence of four years imprisonment is generally considered a mild one. The Gazette says that before the robbery he had lost the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens.

W. L. White, for many years connected with the Rockland line of stages, has been appointed first conductor on the Knox & Lincoln railroad.

Josiah H. Paine, of Rockland, is likely to lose his sight if not his life from the effect of a premature explosion in blasting rocks.

Warren elected an entire republican board of town officers.

OXFORD.

The press of the Democrat broke down last week, and with commendable enterprise Major Shaw sent the forms and paper to this city, so that there was the delay of only a day in the issue.

The Congregational church at Waterford has had only two pastors since 1799, the Rev. Mr. Lincoln and Rev. John A. Douglas, who is still pastor, though assisted by a colleague.

Ivory F. Goodwin, of Hiram, has been bound over in the sum of $2000 to answer to the charge of setting fire to C. R. Ayer's buildings, on the Goodwin farm.

David Haskell, of Albany, committed suicide last week. His age was 53 and he had been sick some time.

The Goodenow House at Newry was burned on the 20th ult. Loss $3000, insured for $1,400.

Benj. Webber, of Sweden, has a hen which having accidentally had her nest broken up while hatching out a brood, took a young pig under her protection, hovering over him as well as she could with her wings. The pig enjoyed it, and they got along nicely together till outside interference broke up the singular alliance.

PENOBSCOT.

The Maine Farmer gives a description of the great tannery of H. Poor & Sons, at Winn, which is one of five similar establishments in eastern Maine. The various buildings in line form a continuous structure 1000 feet long. All the power and heat is supplied by two engines aggregating 150 horse power. The furnaces are fed entirely with spent tan, fed on wet, and not over half can be used that is made. In making between 700 and 800 tons of sole leather per year 35 cords of hemlock bark are used every day. At the present rate of stripping the neighboring forests, the tannery can run perhaps 20 years longer, when it must wait a century or two for the hemlock to grow again.

Eli Hanson, landlord of the Bangor Mansion House, was badly wounded in the head by a brakeman on the E. & N. A. railroad, who insisted upon his throwing his dog off the train before the cars stopped. A struggle ensued, the brakeman using an iron poker to enforce his demand. The company has discharged him.

The first raft of lumber reached Bangor on the 21st, the earliest time ever known.

A barn in Orono, owned by H. C. Powers, was burned last week.

Fifteen barrels of liquor were seized at Dexter station on the 21st.

Julia Paradis, a French woman, was found dead near the road between Bangor and Oldtown, in the great storm of Tuesday week. A man passing before the storm began saw her standing in a field near the fence, and on his return, during the storm, found her lying dead, with arms and legs somewhat bruised, apparently by her death struggles among the rocks on which she lay. There is a mystery about the affair not yet cleared up. She was intemperate, and it is supposed cause to her death by exposure to the storm.

Three and one half tons of Pub. Docs. arrived at Bangor post office last week.

Gen. S. F. Hersey, of Bangor, is off on a bridal tour, having been married for the third time.

Blanchard & Co's store at Stetson was burned on the 17th. Loss $3,000, insured for $2,000.

PISCATAQUIS.

A loup cervier was killed lately within half a mile of Foxcroft village, and the people of that vicinity now count their children every night, when they put them to bed.

Foxcroft has voted to build a two-story school house, with three rooms, to be heated by furnaces.

J. A. Chase, of South Sebec, has killed a white-headed eagle, weighing 26 lbs., and measuring 7 feet across its extended wings. The Observer says it was powerful enough to carry off a child weighing 30 lbs.

WALDO.

The railroad station at Thorndike is known as Padlock Station, because of a large padlock used on the freight-house door, it being the same padlock that once secured the cell of Sager, executed at Augusta over 30 years ago.

An effort is to be made to annex South Montville to Liberty.

The Belfast Journal says of Mrs. Livermore's lecture that those who have attended the course would prefer a repetition of this lecture to any one delivered during the season.

A house and barn at Winterport owned by Capt. Reuel Gray were burned last week. Three cows belonging to Mrs. Hubbard were burned in the barn.

Addison A. Moore, a boot and shoe dealer, of Belfast, committed suicide on Monday.

WASHINGTON.

Schooner Quickstep capsized in Eastport harbor last Friday, and the owner and his brother were drowned.

Calais has organized a fire club.

Sixteen vessels were loading at the Machias wharves last week.

The Congregational society at Calais have decided to build a new house, instead of repairing the old.

An appropriation has been made for the Machias custom house, and the Republican learns that it will be built this season.

YORK.

Albert Piper, of Biddeford, took the cars for Beverly on Monday week. He got off at North Berwick when the train stopped, and attempted to get on after it started. Being [illegible] endeavored to prevent his taking the risk, but he broke from them and fell upon the track. His right arm was completely severed from his body. There are hopes of his recovery.

A negro porter at the Saco House took "French leave" the other evening. He secured the necessary funds for his journey by taking the desk from the office counter into the wood shed and breaking it open with an ax. He also had the forethought to provide himself with two nice overcoats belonging to the Messrs. Cleaves.

Near the close of the Kittery town meeting, while the moderator, Hon. J. H. Sanborn, was delivering an address, he fell stricken with paralysis, and died the next day. For twenty years he has been prominent in town affairs, and was a representative in the last legislature.

Mrs. Mary P. Bragdon, of Wells, wife of Christopher Bragdon, committed suicide recently by hanging herself to a sapling with a skein of yarn. She had been low-spirited for some time.

The steamer Clotilda, on Wells beach, has been moved a little, but it is feared will not stand up when afloat.

Rev. Mr. Knights, of South Berwick, is seriously ill.

James M. Burbank is appointed city marshal of Saco.

IN GENERAL.

Edwin Noyes is appointed general superintendent of the consolidated Maine Central—a position of great trust for which he is admirably fitted by long experience and undoubted capacity.

Gov. Chamberlain has not definitely declined the presidency of the State Agricultural College. His desire is to have it a free college, at the head of the graded schools of the State.

The Maine Central Pullman palace cars for the night train were made just six inches too high to pass through Salem tunnel, and must be cut down.

The Piscataquis Railroad Company is making surveys preliminary to the extension of their road to Moosehead Lake.

The following postal changes are announced: Horace Ford appointed postmaster at Biddeford, Maine, vice Mrs. C. F. Cowan; G. A. Smith at North New Portland, Me., vice C. B. Knapp resigned; E. G. Sawyer at North Searsport, Me., vice E. Weston, resigned; J. S. Berry at Wayne, Me., vice Alfred Sawyer, deceased; J. J. Pinkham at North Boothbay, Me., vice L. Giren, resigned; G. A. Wadsworth at East Winthrop, Me., vice L. White, resigned, and W. H. Blackwell, at Anson, Me., vice J. C. Metcalf, resigned.

Throughout the State a heavy northeast snowstorm raged on Monday. At Bangor eight inches of snow fell. It cleared off on Tuesday warm enough in this vicinity to carry off the snow very rapidly. At Farmington a foot of snow fell. On the upper Androscoggin and its tributaries three feet of snow are reported, and good weather for lumbering operations.

—In cases of kerosene fires, don't try to extinguish the flames with water. That will only spread the fire. Instead, smother the flames with blankets, woolen clothes, quilts, shawls, or whatever may be at hand.

Supt. Merritt of the Boston and Maine Railroad informs the Press that there is no truth in the rumor of another joint lease with the Eastern road of the P. S. & P. R. R.

Pen and Scissors.

—The King of Denmark has a team of reindeer.

—The Emperor William was 74 years old last week.

—The occupation of Alaska costs Uncle Sam $9388 a month.

—The latest novelty in funerals is to lay Brussels carpet around the grave.

—New York has one virtuous judge who announces that he cannot be bribed.

—There is a colored youth, seventy-five years old, attending school at Americus.

—An American fell from the top of one of the Pyramids lately and broke his neck.

—Ex-Secretary Seward has been unable, from paralysis, to lift a glass of water to his lips for two years.

—President Thiers says in a proclamation to the people of France, "Do not fear our weakness." That is just what they have to fear.

—George Francis Train has started a paper to advocate his claims to the Presidency. He ought to hitch teams with Mrs. Victoria Woodhull.

—One curious effect of the recent earthquake in the Sandwich Islands was that water in drinking vessels became fetid and unfit for use after the shock.

—The heathen Chinee settled in Alabama are very deferential; they never fail to say "Goo by" as they lumber out of church while service is going on.

—The revolutionary outbreak in Paris gives lamentable evidence of the incapacity of the French for self government, and destroys all hope of a republic.

—A young lady running as a Republican candidate for school committee in Nashua, was defeated by her father, whose name was on the Democratic ticket!

—A patriarch recently walked to the polls in North Carolina with seventeen of his sons. He claims twenty-four children of his own, most of whom were born twins.

—There are so many thieves in New York, that they propose to form a society to reform some of their number, and thus prevent their business from being ruined.

—The New York Tribune is sharp on Louis Napoleon, by saying "You can no more lift him up into decent repute, than you can lift up a jelly-fish." Jelly-fish is good.

—The Marquis of Lorne, who has just married the Princess Louise, has a brother engaged in commercial pursuits. This brings trade and royalty into close connection.

—There was a regular blow-out on Mt. Washington last Saturday. The frost work is described as taking the most beautiful forms, imitating flowers, shells and corals.

—A man in Danbury recently paid a debt of $40 which he had owed 21 years, and the creditor was so delighted that he would take no interest, and gave half the amount to the children of the debtor.

—A boy in Detroit has killed sixty-seven of his neighbors' cats to get money enough to buy his mother a set of false teeth. He has made a quiet neighborhood where once was a howling wilderness.

—The Archduchess Sophia, mother of Francis Joseph of Austria, is declared to be a monomaniac on the subject of dress. She spends most of her time in her private apartments, trying on gowns.

—Said a gentleman to a dealer, who was asking [illegible] bird, but he talks very little." "I think the more," answered Poll immediately, and was bought without chaffering.

—It is a somewhat singular coincidence that both Hon. James G. Blaine, the speaker of the House, and General George W. Morgan, his Democratic opponent, are natives of the little town of Washington, Pa.

—The heathen Chinee is making whisky in California by fermenting old rice and rubber shoes and things, and the revenue people are after John. The whisky made this way is much sought after by suicides.

—A deacon in Illinois objected to the organ purchased by his church, and when called upon to close the service with prayer said: "Call on the machine! If it can sing the glory of God it can pray too. Call on the machine!"

Business Notices.

THE INSTINCT OF HORSES.—The following account of an invaluable discovery for the cure of Coughs, Colds, and Consumptive Difficulties, made through the instinct of horses, by Dr. Webber, of Boston, will be found of great interest:—

In the year 1851 my health became very much impaired, in consequence of applying myself too closely to my business, so that I was obliged to relinquish it and go abroad. I went out into the western country for the purpose of visiting my friends there, and with the hope of recovering my health. While there, as I was crossing one of the large prairies in the great valley of the Mississippi, my attention was attracted by a large cluster of beautiful wild flowers, and never having seen the like before, I gathered a few of them, and found them to emit a very agreeable aromatic odor, which impressed me with the thought that the plant might possess some valuable medicinal properties. I made considerable inquiry about it, but no one could give me any information except a Dutch farmer who lived in the neighborhood. He informed me that he had known horses, when afflicted with the heaves, and turned out on the prairies to graze, to find this weed and eat of it daily until they got well. I gathered a small quantity and brought it to Massachusetts, for the purpose of ascertaining what were its medicinal properties. Since then, I have proved it to be the most valuable remedy for the cure of Consumption and other pulmonary affections that has ever been discovered or employed in the treatment of such diseases. Please read the following account of my own case, it being the first case of consumption ever treated with this new remedy.

In the latter part of January, 1854, I took a slight cold, and very soon after, I commenced coughing. I took some simple medicines, believing it would soon pass off. But instead of getting better, my cough gradually grew worse, and a bronchial difficulty with which I had been troubled more or less for several years, seemed rapidly to increase. For three long months the symptoms of disease constantly increased. My cough became very severe, and my lungs were so sore that my breathing was laborious and painful. My throat was more troublesome than ever. The pains in my side and chest were so severe that some nights I could not sleep at all. My appetite had left me, and the sight and smell of all kinds of food was disagreeable and nauseating. Diarrhœa in its worst form was preying upon me, accompanied with night sweats. My flesh and strength were fast wasting away. My friends pronounced me in consumption, and expressed the opinion that I could not live but a few months at most, several of my family having died of that disease.

One day, as I was thinking of my condition, and endeavoring to reconcile myself to my fate, I was forcibly seized with the thought that the wild weed which I had discovered in the Mississippi valley in 1851, would help me. And as a drowning man who will grasp at a straw for assistance, I seized upon the idea, and arose to my feet with fresh courage.

I came to the conclusion that if it was good for the lungs of horses, it must also be good for those of man. Accordingly I determined to make the experiment. I had about two ounces of the herb, which was all there was this side of the Alleghanies. I prepared some of it as I thought best, and commenced taking it three times a day, a tea spoonfull at a time, one hour before eating. Under this treatment my health began to improve. The pressure at my lungs was very soon relieved, and my breathing became easy and natural. All my difficulties seemed to be fast leaving me. My sleep became sweet and refreshing, my appetite began gradually to return, and within three weeks from the time I commenced taking my new remedy, my cough, bronchitis, neuralgic pains, diarrhœa, and night sweats had entirely left me. I was well, with the exception of some large swellings which the medicine drove out upon the surface of my body, and a general debility, from both of which I very soon recovered. I have not had occasion to take any kind of medicine since. My health has not been better at any time since I was fifteen years old than it is at present. All my family who have been attacked with consumption have died, and I should probably have fallen a victim to it myself had I not been guided by an overruling Providence in the discovery of this new medicine. I am now fully persuaded that by the use of the Prairie Weed Balsam Consumption can be Cured!

—A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge from the nose, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility are symptoms which are common to Catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures Catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Sent by mail on receipt of sixty cents. Address R. V. Pierce, 133 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by druggists.

—Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, and similar troubles, if suffered to progress, result in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," reach directly the seat of the disease, and give almost instant relief. They have been thoroughly tested, and maintain the good reputation they have justly acquired. As there are imitations, be sure to obtain the genuine.

—"Time tries all Things," and has proved that Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is the remedy *par excellence* for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, whooping-cough, bronchitis, asthma, phthysic, sore throat, and influenza. It cures coughs and colds instanter! It soothes the irritated parts; it heals the inflammation; and even consumption itself, yields to its magic influence.

—Fellows Compound Syrup of Hydrophosphites will not only supply the waste going on in the brain, but will enable the mind to endure a greater tax than before. It will impart vigor and promote clear conceptions to the intellect. It will strengthen the nerves and give power to all the involuntary as well as voluntary muscles of the body.

—There are probably a hundred or more persons in this and neighboring towns, who daily suffer from the distressing effects of kidney troubles, who do not know that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is almost a certain cure. In severe cases, great relief may be obtained, if not a perfect cure.

—We notice that the Agricultural papers all over the country recommend the use of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders.—*Exchange.* Farmers and others in this section have long known and appreciated the advantages of these Powders over all others.

—Glu-ene is a handy thing to have in the house to mend with. Just try it once, only 25c.

The Markets.

COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

The markets, as a general thing, are pretty quiet. Produce is rather dull and there is not so much doing as there has been. Prices are not so firm especially for potatoes and onions. Butter is lower for common qualities. Eggs are a little higher than last week. Flour is very firm at quotations. Corn is in good supply at a little lower prices than last week and with a better demand. Molasses is firm for good qualities and stocks are not large. Oils are unchanged with the exception of linseed which has advanced 3c. Provisions are dull and prices favor purchasers of pork. Sugars are very firm at last week's prices. Dry goods are unchanged. Fish are dull both for dry and pickled and prices are unsettled. In salt there is no change.

PORTLAND STOCK LIST.

For the week ending March 21, 1871. Corrected weekly by H. M. PAYSON, 32 Exchange Street.

	Par value.	Offered.	Asked
American Gold		110¾	110⅞
Government 6's, 1881		115¼	115¾
Government 5-20's, 1862		111¼	112
Government 5-20's, 1865, Nov		111⅛	112
Government 5-20's, 1867, July		110⅛	110¾
Government 10-40's		107⅜	108
Portland City Bonds, Municipal		94½	95½
Portland City Bonds, Railroad		92	93
State of Maine Bonds		99½	100
Bath City Bonds		88	89
Bangor City Bonds		89½	91
Cumberland National	40	55	56
Traders' National	100	123	124
First National	100	123	124
Casco National	100	123	124
Canal National	100	123	124
Merchants' National	75	90	92
Second National	100	105	110
Portland Company	100	60	70
Portland Gas Company	50	56	57
Ocean Insurance Company	100	98	100
Atlantic & St Lawrence Bonds	100	100	000
Maine Central Bonds	100	90	95
Maine Central Stock	100	35	40
Androscoggin & Kennebec Bonds	100	86	88
Portland Horse R R Company	100	45	50
Leeds & Farmington Bonds		65	75

Watertown Cattle Market.

WATERTOWN, March 28—Beef cattle receipts 501 head; supply increasing and prices have advanced ¼c ℔ lb. Butchers bought freely. Sales—choice 12 50@12 75; extra 11 50@12 00, first quality 10 50@11 00, second quality 9 00@10 00; third quality 7 50@8 00.

Sheep and lambs—receipts 4189 head. The market is improving. Sales in lots at $4 00@6 00 each and 6 50@8 00 for extra.

Veal calves 5 00@10 00.

Foreign Markets.

LIVERPOOL, March 28—Cotton firm; sales 10 000 bales; middling uplands 7⅜d; do Orleans 7¾d.

LONDON, March 28—Consols closed at 92⅜. American securities—U. S. 5-20s 1862, 92⅜; do 1865 old, 91⅞; do 1867, 90¾, 10-40s 89.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS MARKET.

Corrected weekly by Messrs. DEERING, MILLIKEN & Co., 50 Middle Street, Portland.

Brown Cottons.	width.	price		Prints best	.11@11½
Sheetings Standard	36in	.12½@13		" Medium	9½@10½
Heavy	36	10@11		" Common	6½@7½
Medium	36	9@10		Pink, & buff	10½@12½
Fine	36	8@11		**Woolens.**	
Shirtings	28	7½@10		Beavers Union 6-4	1 25@1 75
Flannels Heavy		20@25		" Moscow 6-4	2 50@4 00
" Medium		17@20		Cassimere black	1 00@1 25
Bleached Cottons.				" Fancy	75@1 25
Good	36in	17@21		Coatings 3-4	75@1 50
Medium	36	.12½@15		" 6-4	1 50@4 00
Light	36	8@11		Doeskin bl'k 3-4	1 00@1 50
Sheetings	9-8	15@17		Jeans Kentucky	20@22½
"	5-4	16@20		Repellants	75@1 25
"	10-4	35@45		Satinets	25@50
Miscellaneous.				**Blankets.**	
Denims Good		16@22		Camp 7ft	1 25@1 65
" Medium		12½@15		Colored ℔ pr	2 00@3 00
Corset Jeans				White 10-4	3 00@1 50
Brown sateen		13½@15		**Cotton Batting.**	
Bleached		12½@15		50lb bal's 1lb rolls	12½@17
Medium		9@11		Warp Yarn	28@32½
Cambric high colors		7@9		Twine	26@33
Delaines cot. & wool		12½@16		Wicking	30@37½
All wool		30@37½		**Frockings.**	
Spot wool		37½@47½		All wool 3-4	45@50
Ginghams, Good		14@17		" 7-8	50@55
Medium		11@12½		" Extra 7-8	57½@65
Ticking, Good		26@27½		**Crash.**	
Medium		15@17		Heavy	12½@15
Light		11@13		Medium	6½@10
Bags, good		30@35		**Drills.**	
Medium		25@27½		Brown Heavy 30	12½@15
				" Medium, 30	10½@12

PORTLAND WHOLESALE PRICES.

Corrected weekly expressly for the Transcript.

[illegible]

PORTLAND RETAIL MARKETS.

Corrected Weekly—Produce Market by M PLACE, stall No. 4 Market; Groceries by W. L. Wilson & Co., No. 83 Federal Street. Fish, by T. Hopkins, 110 Federal St.

[illegible]

STATE RETAIL MARKETS.

BANGOR, March 25th.—Apples $4 00 @ 5 00, dried do 8 @ 9c, beans $3 00 @ 3 25; butter, best table, 35 @ 38; [illegible]

LEWISTON, March 25th.—Apples $1 00 @ 1 50; dried [illegible]

DEXTER—Beans $2 75@3 00; butter 25@35, box 35@35, [illegible]

BRIGHTON, WATERTOWN & MEDFORD CATTLE MARKETS.

BOSTON, Wednesday, March 22

[illegible]

To Contributors.

"IN THE WOODS," shall appear.

"PORTLAND," accepted.

"A SOCIAL PROBLEM" on file.

A. H. M., Salem, N. H. Many thanks for your kind words.

"RETURN OF SPRING," declined.

"A REMARKABLE DREAM," declined. We may make use of the items.

"A COMMON LESSON," accepted.

ANSWERS.

[illegible]

—Coal at retail in New York has declined to about what it was before the strike.

Original Poetry.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

I.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE

Let us sing, O, muse, of Jason,
Who went out to gather fleece.
Jason was a highborn person
In a lodge of ancient Greece.
When a sheepskin had been stolen,
He said angrily, "Medrez,
Let the stolen pile be found by
Soon I'll knit a fine sheep-skin here,
I will never stop to argue,
For I am an Argonaut."
Ship the U. S. anchr and cargo,
And the rudder shall be rascals.
Then he painted a golden clasher,
Full of fanning humanity,
And, shoved his floating galley,
Started on a merry mail.
Many days he sailed that boat in,
Till at last he found the wool,
(Which they used to shear the goat in,)
And he filled his apron full.

II.

HERCULES.

Hercules once took a studio
On the Evergreen plan,
And, (that fact is such a fiddle)
Through his lion a fleer ran.
Hercules had lots of scientia!
He could twist iron by the nose,
He's downright, stubborn muscle,
And, like Oliver, want more.
He could quench a pistol in Wissahickon
With the highest shiff,
"I'm not strangled" he had a knobby
With all despise himself.
He could snap the cocoa caliber
With his elevated fist,
And a house of seven gables
Rose in an either wrist.
He could bribe a dozen cops full
Of the toughest sort of mettle,
Hurl them out to make the bass fish,
For some an Council Studs.
All his works in twelve great volumes,
(So you heard somebody say,)
Would have filled a million columns
In the Journals of to-day.
Don't believe it? That's no wonder!
He he worked small lots a penny,
He was just a son of thunder,
And I know him very well.

III.

THE STREAM.

Did you ask about Lake Acorus?
Worked in Albany or Troy?
And he used to come and see me
When we lived at Perth Amboy.
He was fond of iron and plenty,
Smart on ever he could be;
But he had a wicked story
And he was a spy to me.
There the girl whom he had courted
Saw how lonely he had fled,
Took the jackknife he had spotted,
And committed suicide.
Drove Almost Wm. Street!
Though you lived for years in Troy,
Don't go over once and see us
Till you see a better boy.

IV.

PANDORA.

"Who's Pandora? Farmers mutual
As the story-tellers state.
She was curious and luminous,
Made this folks of later date
How once gave her, for safe-keeping
Sad misfortunes in a box,
But could not forbear to peep in
So she went and peeked the locks.
Troubles had been so penned
Round and round the stretched world,
And a wonderful sensation
Into people's ears they burled.
There are proofs in woman and prunes out
Pew, why did you let them out?
They are not the sort of persons
That we care to have "about."
O, Pandora, most industrious
Thou to vex unhappy man!
Take your curse of curse mysterious,
Kindly box them up again!

In the Backwoods.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

A HOLIDAY AMONG THE "LOGGERS."

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

The "loggers" have their occasional holiday as well as more betters. Buried though they are for four or five months to the heart of the wilderness, they can't keep their spirits.

While up on the Allagash Waters last winter, I spent a week at one of their "camps" on the "stream" between the Churchill and Heron Lakes, or at the "Depot," as the boys of the company, whose headquarters were there, familiarly called it. Every man of the gang was equally proud of that it was Monday. Dates had got a little mixed. No prospect of settling it could lift the "supply team" coming in, which was expected in the course of a fortnight. I had come up from Bangor only six weeks before, and as I had made, or intended to make, an entry in my diary every day, I felt morally certain it was the Sabbath. Possibly I might have slipped over a day, though. One never can know just how dependent he is on his neighbor in this little matter of chronology till he comes to be alone in the woods a month. Every lumberman knows how to sympathize with Robinson Crusoe and his notched sticks. Taken a pretty clear head to make the days and notches tally through the space of two months, with no well-posted neighbor of whom to ask that oft-repeated question, "What day o' the month is it?"

But Sunday, or Monday done, or Saturday, it made very little odds. There was no church to go to within a hundred miles. And many argued that it was as well to go fishing on Sunday as to spend the day muscling on the benches in a smoky, emotic, muffling log shanty. I have no public opinion on such topics; never was licensed to preach. Every man to his calling; I was merely an Assistant Engineer, employed to build and timber "hunting dams," and so taking the benefit of the doubt that it might not be Sunday after all, I went fishing with the gang.

At that time (February) the snow lay from four to five feet all about there, and it was some three miles down through the "black growth" to the Heron lake where they were going. The fishing party started out on snow-shoes, and in addition to hooks, line and bait (we had nothing better than salt pork), each squad of three carried a shovel and an axe.

The party that day was admitted comprised, besides myself, Mr. John Murch, the "boss" of the camp, an intelligent but exceedingly hook-nosed Penobscotian, and a stout, red-shirted son of Erin, known as Mike—Mike Shea, a very good specimen of the omnipresent Irishman.

Coming out upon the lake which was now found to be the depth of several feet beneath the snow, the gang separated, each squad going off by itself to some spot indicated by the boss and fishing ground. Murch led on toward one of the islands along the opposite shore. This was nearly a mile across, but he was an experienced frontist; Mike and I followed him unswervingly. The islands, like the shores, were covered with dark-green spruces, showing black against the white snow. Setting up within several rods of each of one of these, the boss said, coll. "Try one back here, I guess," and he "Clear away" more. Mike—"

Mike, who had screwed an apprenticeship in the shovel-and-pick-and-spike-maul line of millwork, till it went and in the course of twenty minutes, under the eye of the boss, had shovelled a hole large, down to the ice, from a plat some ten feet square. On getting down into the hole thus formed, we could barely stand up in our snow breeding work.

Now out a hole, Mike."

This was a little too much. "Faith! an' as it's Sunday, an' us all alanes by ourselves, it's what should think it's time to cut the howl, one o' ye, yerselves."

"Very well, Mike, hand me the axe," said Murch.

No small job to cut one of these holes with an axe. Mike "struck a chick" in March and I toward an hour to cut ours. Even Mike was willing to relieve us at last when he worked small lots a penny.

When finished it looked like a small well, a deep, jagged hole a couple of feet in diameter, getting down to the water, which through clear was, owing to the exclusion of light, as black as ink. Skimming off the chips, we baited our hooks and dropped them into the hole and sat down to fish. Into them I had not miserable sumper, the pickerel, he not yet found its way.—But like trout, or as the northcountry of the term, "tegue" trout, of the largest size abound. For some minutes however there were no encouragements from beneath.

"Made such a jar and splashing cutting our hole," said Murch, "frightened 'em, I'm sorry, that's the reason. They'll be back though, keep easy."

Presently I felt a sharp tug at my line.

"There's a bite!" exclaimed Murch.—"Jerk sharp!"

I jerked and the others hastily drew up their lines to avoid a snarl. Feeling the prick the fish darted away, and as there followed a series of racings to and from, causing the line into my hands. Play ing it actively, I soon had the fish completely exhausted down, though not landed in my line. It lifted out a fine, broad-backed fellow nearly two feet long, which we afterwards found to weigh a little over four pounds.

"Little thing!" remarked Murch contemptuously, as he took better than that, or they'll all be haggling at us!" Laying the fish along aside, we baited again.

Murch caught the next one, not even so large as mine; a circumstance which filled him with such disgust that he declared crabby tore out the hook and threw it back into the hole. Soon after I got another, a little larger than either of the first. And presently Murch hooked an eight-pounder.

"Such a fish as that will more like it," said he, and he and he caught another.

Meanwhile the stout Penobscotian had been at work in a close. The sun went behind the high, spruce-clad ridge to the westward, leaving out of our hole, as we saw the other squads winding their way off the lake.

"We must be getting luck, boys," said Murch, drawing up his line. "Not much of a catch. Four bait; each of us. Time to quit."

"Bit me luck," grumbled Mike who had been fishing on the same hole all the afternoon without the slightest encouragement from below. "Divil a bite have I had, but that big jerk me luck owlways!" beginning to pull up his line.

Mike's luck in there was a great sort in the water beneath, followed by a yank at Mike's line which nearly took him off his feet.

"Hold on, hold on, Mike!" shouted Murch "you've got a big one there!"

The great fish lunged off sidewise, reeling and plunging back and forth. The line was doubled and hauled in on the ice. Mike's legs flew round it like dynamticks. It seemed about an even chance whether the tegue should come up, or Mike go down.

"Steady Mike, steady!" cautioned Murch, doubling up with laughter.

"Steady," begorad Mike, straddling and balancing over the hole, with the line wound round both hands. "How can I be steady with him putting like a six horse team?"

Suddenly the fish eased away, and Mike straightened up. Then came another heavy, ominous lunge! The ice was wet, his feet slipped—"Howld me, howld me!" and down he went into the hole. Nothing in the world saved him from going into the lake, but the fact that the hole was a trifle too small to let him through. As it was, one foot went well down into the water.

"Hang to him!" cried Murch; and between us we pulled him up and relieved him of the line. Here let me add a word of advice to those who fish from frozen waters. Never cut a hole large enough to let yourself through. The reasons are obvious.

The trout was now nately spent. A few more jungers, and he came up, a beauty to behold. The hole was barely large enough to admit his head. Inside this one, the fish we had previously caught looked small indeed.

Mike was in ecstacies. I doubt if Von Moltke felt half so proud of taking Paris, as Mike Shae trudging into camp with that big trout on his shoulder. It weighed a stout, red-shirted son of Erin, known as Mike—Mike Shea, a very good specimen of the omnipresent Irishman.

Coming out upon the lake which was now found to be the depth of several feet beneath the snow, the gang separated, each squad going off by itself to some spot indicated by the boss and fishing ground. Murch led on toward one of the islands along the opposite shore. This was nearly a mile across, but he was an experienced frontist; Mike and I followed him unswervingly. The islands, like the shores, were covered with dark-green spruces, showing black against the white snow. Setting up within several rods of one of these, the boss said, coll. "Try one back here, I guess," said he.

Young Folks' Column.

Written for the Portland Transcript.

GRANDMOTHER'S SQUIRREL STORY.

BY FRANCES A. SHAW.

There was once a tame rabbit who was such a favorite with the children that they petted and fed him so much as to injure his health. Like many human beings, who live high and exercise little, this rabbit began to be dyspeptic. One morning, when he was feeling very badly, he thought he would go and take a walk in the forest. Soon he heard a kind of merry chattering, and looking up he saw a pair of squirrels sitting on the limb of a tree, and blinking down upon him with their roguish little eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Rabbit," they said; "how do you do?"

"Good morning," returned the rabbit, and then he added: "Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel, I hope you are in good health; as for myself, I'm feeling very poorly."

"Ah!" replied Mrs. Squirrel in a pitying tone; "I'm very sorry to hear it; what is the matter with you?"

"The Doctors all say it is bad digestion, Madam," answered the rabbit, "and recommend exercise."

"My mother, who was an excellent nurse, always said that there was nothing so good to help digestion as a hearty laugh," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"If you want to make him laugh, my dear, tell him that story you have just been telling me," said Mr. Squirrel.

"Oh, by all means!" returned the rabbit, taking a seat on the opposite limb, and Mrs. Squirrel began in this wise:

"It is a story my grandmother used to tell me when I was a little teenty-tonty squirrel, when these butterflies you think so pretty were only ugly grubs, and all these birds with gay plumage were nothing but eggs.

A very long time ago, two little children, a boy and a girl, got lost in a wood. They were little orphan children, who had no one to look after them but a cross old woman, and who wandered around about where they pleased. This time, they kept straying farther and farther into the wood, and at last, as they had given up all hope of finding their way, and were crying very bitterly, a good fairy met them.

"What is the matter, little ones?" asked she. They told her and she said: "Go to that ant-hill over there and dig, and you will find a key of pure gold that will unlock everything."

The children went to the ant-hill and found the key, and as they passed through the forest, stones, trees and bushes yielded to the magic spell, and the way was always clear before them. They soon came to a very large rock that stood right across the path, and at both sides of which was a deep ditch. They quickly opened the rock and passed in. They found a large room all lighted up with precious stones, and right in the middle of the room was a table loaded with the rarest food. As they were very hungry and thirsty, they ate and drank all they [illegible] before had they seen food that tasted so nice. After staying as long as they wished, they unlocked the other side of the rock and passed out.

Soon they came to a great oak tree, whose trunk they unlocked with the golden key. Inside were beds and cushions of the rarest, softest moss, and as our little ones were very tired, they lay down and took a nap. While they slept, gentle wood-elves fanned them with their light wings and sung the loveliest songs.

They left the oak tree much refreshed, and as they walked on hand in hand, what should they see but a huge mountain rushing toward them with a rumbling noise! If the children had not thought of the magic key, the mountain would have crushed them, but they unlocked its side and entered. Within the mountain they found a large room all lined with gold and diamonds. They filled their pockets with the precious stones, and as the mountain had halted by a lake, they passed out.

At the touch of the wonderful key, the waters of this lake parted, and they found its floor all strewn with diamonds and pearls. After crossing the lake, they came to a rainbow, which they also unlocked, and walked along its splendid arch, far, far above the earth. Gazing down, they could even see the poor, mean hut where their cross old foster-mother dwelt; but they had no wish to go home, I assure you. So they walked along the rainbow till they came to the end of the world.

They thrust the magic golden key into the air; the shining clouds parted and they entered Fairy-Land—a land so beautiful, and peopled by such sweet, lovely beings, that they had no desire ever to leave it, and there they are, for aught I know, to this day."

"Ha-ha, Mistress Squirrel, what whoppers you do tell!" exclaimed the rabbit—"well I never!—ha-ha-ha!"

And the rabbit laughed and laughed, and shook so with merriment, that he fell from the tree and broke his back. As this little accident killed him, he had no further trouble from bad digestion.

War Reminiscences.

LEE AT GETTYSBURG.

Gen. Imboden, late of the confederate army, in the April number of "The Galaxy," thus sketches the appearance of Gen. Lee on the night after the battle of Gettysburg.

Few camp fires enlivened the scene. It was a warm summer's night, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the meadows we occupied, discussing the events of the day or watching that their horses did not straggle off in browsing around. About eleven o'clock a horseman approached and delivered a message from General Lee, that he wished to see me immediately. I mounted at once, and, accompanied by Lieutenant McPhail of my staff, and guided by the courier, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg, where half a dozen small tents on the roadside were pointed out as General Lee's headquarters for the night. He was not there, but I was informed that I would find him with General A. P. Hill half a mile further on. On reaching the place indicated, a flickering, solitary candle, visible through the open front of a common tent, showed where Generals Lee and Hill were seated on camp stools, with a county map spread upon their knees, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. They ceased speaking as I approached, and after the ordinary salutations General Lee directed me to go to his headquarters and wait for him. He did not return until about one o'clock, when he came riding alone at a slow walk and evidently wrapped in profound thought.

There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reigned up his horse, essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse: the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before, in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. I waited for him to speak until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when to break it, and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

"General, this has been a hard day on you."

This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully:

"Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us," and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon his reflections, I said no more. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy, and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, he addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said:

"General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been—but, for some reason not yet fully explained to me, they were not—we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours."

After a moment he added in a tone almost of agony:

"Too bad! *Too bad!* OH! TOO BAD!"

I never shall forget, as long as I live, his language, and his manner, and his appearance and expression of mental suffering. Altogether it was a scene that a historical painter might well immortalize had one been fortunately present to witness it.

Pleasant Essay.

UNREADY-WITTED.

How very often it happens in conversation, as Bernard Barton remarks in one of his letters to Crabbe, that the thing you might, and would, and should have said, occurs to you just a little too late. He draws on his own experience for the record of many a long and animated discussion with a friend, after which he called to mind some pithy argument that would have smashed his opponent's case, and which, affirms the gentle Quaker-poet, "I should have been almost sure to have had at my fingers' ends, had I been quietly arguing the matter on paper in my own study." Cowper complains that when he wrote a letter to any but a familiar friend, no sooner had he despatched it, than he was sure to recollect how much better he could have made it. Horace Walpole opens one of his epistles with the remark, that mere answers, that are not made to letters immediately are like good things which people recollect they might have said had they but thought of them in time; that is, very insipid, and the *apropos* very probably forgotten. Vanity, as well as vexation of spirit.

Little Henry Esmond, when pointed out by saucy Trix to my lord as "saying his prayers to mamma," could only look very silly. If he invented a half-dozen of speeches in reply, that was months afterwards; "as it was, he had never a word to answer." Mr. Thackeray's writings offer divers illustrations of the same kind. There is a Mr. Batchelor, for instance, when impertinently quizzed to his face by that supercilious Captain Baker. "'Sir!' says I; and 'sir' was all I could say. The fact is, I could have replied with something remarkaby neat and cutting, that would have transfixed the little jackanapes * * but, you see, I only thought of my repartee some eight hours afterwards, when I was lying in bed, and I am sorry to own that a great number of my best *bon mots* have been made in that way." So with Reubon Medlicott, on the night of a memorable ball, going supperless to bed, and occupying himself with the elaborate concoction of twenty little speeches, which he felt he ought to have made to Miss Barsac, and with framing a spirited retort to demolish De Tabley, the next time he should renew his impertinences. These things are so easily done in bed—especially when dreaming.

In dreams, as Addison observes, it is wonderful the alacrity with which the soul exerts itself; what unpremeditated harangues are made by the slow of speech, and how readily we converse in languages we are but little acquainted with; how notably the grave abound in pleasantries, and the dull in repartees and flashes of wit.

When Philip Firmin's cousin—young Twysden—came simpering up to Mr. Pendennis at Bay's Club, one afternoon, and said, "I hear my precious cousin is going to marry. I think I shall send him a broom to sweep a crossing,"—Mr. Pendennis was nearly going to say: "This a piece of generosity to be expected from your father's son," but the fact is, he owns, that he did not think of this withering repartee until he was crossing St. James's Park, on his way home, when Twysden was of course out of earshot. "A great number of my best witticisms have been a little late in making their appearance in the world." If we could but hear the unspoken jokes, he goes on to reflect, how we should all laugh; and if we could but speak them, how witty we should be! "When you have left the room, you have no notion what clever things I was going to say when you baulked me by going away." Unfortunately, in this, as in so many other cases, a miss is as good as a mile. Potential wits we all account ourselves, more or less (most of us more, rather than less); but the world is so full of what Mr. Carlyle calls failed potentialities. And so many of us, in our potential or optative mood, can never hit on a present tense for it. Our companion is gone before the witticism is quite ready. Like the Scottish prince in Scott's poem, whose belated answer could not overtake the departed object of it:

> "The wondering monarch seemed to seek
> For answer, and found none,
> And when he raised his head to speak,
> The monitor was gone."

* * Dr. Holmes suggestively records on the subject of mistakes and slips in writing, that he never finds them out until they are stereotyped, and then he thinks they rarely escape him. Southey once assigned as a reason for his not reading for the bar, that he was so easily disconcerted; that the right answer to an argument never occurred to him immediately. "I always find it at last, but it comes too late; a blockhead who speaks boldly can baffle me." A state of mind figured in a modern poem:—

> "Speech, only quick to blush at its own delay,
> Made me a fool, when fools had their own way,
> And awkward-silent when conceit was loud."

Charlotte Bronte relates how Mr. Thackeray met her at the door, at the close of one of his readings, and frankly asked her what she thought of it: and how, liking his *naïveté*, she was entirely disposed to praise him, having plenty of praise in her heart, "but alas! no word was on my lips. Who *has* words at the right moment? I stammered out some lame expressions"—and doubtless hit upon some neat and pithy eulogium soon after his back was turned.

The good dame in one of Mrs. Gaskell's fictions is speaking for thousands when she says of the rector and his wife, that [illegible] down, like; and it's not till they're gone, and one's a little at peace, that one can think that there are things that one might have said on one's own side of the question." And so again John Sercolacke, introduced by Philip van Artevelde as "my sagacious friend"—than whom a better counsellor need not be, if only he have full scope beforehand to ponder and devise what to say; but "ask him on the sudden" a simple enough question, and—

> "—confounded will he stand
> Till livelier tongues from emptier heads have spoken;
> Then on the morrow to a little know
> What should have been his answer."

—*St James's Magazine.*

COMMON UGLINESS.

How strange that, while our internal mechanism and organization are so perfect, perfect symmetry in the outer man should be so rare! that there should be so many plain people in the world! Such is the not unreasonable lament of a refined taste, looking abroad for the gratification of its love for beauty and fair proportion, and finding such rare and scanty indulgence of the heaven-born longing. It is a truth that most of the people we meet in the streets and highways are plain. We have a different standard for our home friends, for relations and intimates, but out-of-doors it is an exception to meet a comely, nobly formed, handsome man or woman. It is a surprise when we do meet with such. So unusual, indeed, is it to meet with perfect, or anything approaching to perfect symmetry, that one of the attendants on beauty is surprise. We gaze upon something rare, unaccustomed, startling from its singularity. This reflection has been put by the acutest of our female novelists into the mouth of a vain, "well-looking" man, who cynically complains of a watering-place for the multitude of its plain women. If by chance you see a pretty woman (let us explain that this was written half a century ago), she is sure to be followed by thirty or thirty-five frights; and once, though to be sure it was on a frosty day, he had counted eighty-seven in succession without a tolerable face among them. And with the men it was even worse, so that a decent-looking man excited quite an embarrassing sensation. The universality of this fact, stated broadly, is fortunate for those among us who can not boast of any thing typical or godlike in face or form.

There are enough plain people—ordinary, some persons call it, to show how universal is the doom—to keep us in countenance. It would be dreadful to be the only ugly fellow in the world.

But, even as it is, it cannot but be annoying to men—and especially to women—whose place or works or deeds give them prominence, not to be better worth looking at; to be so little good-looking as, sooth to say, they often are. "What do you think when so many people come to see you?" Miss Bremer was asked by her American adorers. "I wish that I was handsomer," was her reply. "When all things are blossoming," writes a woman of showy, conspicuous genius, "it seems strange not to blossom too; man is the slowest aloe, and I am such a shabby plant of such coarse tissue. I hate not to be beautiful when all around is so." Who can tell how much more Goldsmith's ugliness, which made him a butt in childhood, was at the bottom of the restless, unsatisfied vanity of which so much is written? With men, however, the consciousness of ugliness has constantly acted as an intellectual stimulus. Because Richard III. was rudely stamped, wanting love's majesty, he shaped out a great, unscrupulous career for himself; and Mirabeau and Wilkes might perhaps not have made so public a figure if they had been less conspicuously ill-favored.

But the draught was probably bitter all the same. The most successful jester on his own ill looks finds the fun very flat in his solitary hours, but consciousness makes him restless; and where it is hopeless to pass unnoticed, his best expedient is to be pleasant upon himself. By a well-turned *bon mot* he may persuade the world to view his ugliness from his own indulgent standpoint.

Poetry.

WHILE SNOWS ARE FALLING.

The spring time came—the spring time went,
With shimmering cloud and shiny weather;
The golden glory of June was spent,
On hills and fields we roamed together.
We walked through autumn's purple haze,
The future's dream of bliss forestalling,
And, shuddering, thought of winter days,
With snows a-falling.

For earth was all so wondrous fair,
And heaven smiled down so blue above it,
Each wandering breath of balmy air
But made us learn anew to love it.
What wonder if, with all so bright,
And wild birds through the woodland calling,
We sighed to think of winter's night,
And snows a-falling.

But when at last the world was dressed
In shining robes of ice-mail gleaming,
And calm, white silence lulled to rest
The pale dead flowers beneath it dreaming,—
Behold! we woke to find made true
The hope our hearts had been forestalling,
And life grew fairer than we knew
While snows were falling.

Ah, well! the days of youth fall fast;
Their suns grow dim, their blossoms wither,
And all the dreams that made our past
Fly fast and far, we know not whither;
But when we tread life's wintry slope,
We hear again their voices calling,
And memory clasps the hand of hope,
While snows are falling.

A SONG FOR SAD MUSIC.

We are fading away, love,
Like leaves on the tree,
We are wearing away, love,
Like shells by the sea:
On life's wintry shore, love,
The tide's coming fast,
And we neither can say, love,
Who'll linger the last.
[illegible] go first, love,
Shall I, or will you?
Have you thought, love, how bitter
Will be the adieu?
Oh! how could we bear, love,
To give the last kiss?
Could we die, love, together,
Then death would be bliss

But that were too selfish,
The wish were profane;
Some doubly would grieve, love,
Did neither remain;
It may be for days, love,
Or years we shall sever,
But when we next meet, love,
It will be forever.

Golden Words.

—It is better to die a sinner than to live one.—*Theodore Parker.*

—Those who have not suffered, know not what they have to gain.—*Alger.*

—He who waits to do a great deal at once, will never do anything.—*Dr. Johnson.*

—Prefer diligence before idleness, unless you prefer rust before brightness.—*Plato.*

—The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues the better we like him.—*Emerson.*

—He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—*Socrates.*

—The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.—*Dr Johnson.*

—I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.—*Rowland Hill.*

—If an angel were sent from heaven to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity, but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead, and humbled before God with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him.—*Newton.*

—All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the advancement of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life; it is not death that kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to attain a higher form.—*Fichte.*

—There is a beautiful legend illustrating the blessedness of performing our duty at whatever cost to our own inclination. A beautiful vision of our Saviour had appeared to a monk, and in silent bliss he was gazing upon it. The hour arrived at which he was to feed the poor of the convent. He lingered not in his cell to enjoy the vision, but left to perform his humble duty. When he returned, he found the blessed vision still waiting for him, and uttering these words: "Hadst thou stayed I must have fled."

Miscellany.

THE ROYAL WEDDING.

The marriage of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise took place at St. George's Chapel on Thursday of last week. The town of Windsor was crowded. There were thousands on the Castle green, and the Eton boys occupied Castle Hill. The police and soldiery kept a passage open for invited guests who came from London by a special train and were conveyed in the royal carriages to the chapel, amid the cheering of the people and the ringing of the bells.

The interior of the chapel was magnificent with knightly banners, gorgeous uniforms and rich robes, diamonds sparkling and sunshine streaming over all. The ministers of the cabinet, foreign ambassadors, royal family and the very cream of English society were present. Of the bridal party, the first to arrive was the Duke of Argyle, dressed in full Highland costume, the Duchess of Argyle, robed in cloth of silver, and the Princess of Wales in a blue satin robe with a train of blue velvet, leading the royal children, who were in Scottish costume. Then came the Princess Christian, dressed in pink satin trimmed with white laces, and an Indian Princess, blazing with scarlet and gold.

A long pause ensued during which Disraeli read the marriage service to himself and all the company chatted gaily. Then Lord Lorne entered while the choir sung an anthem. He was attended by his groomsmen, Earl Percy and Lord Leviesen-Gower. All three were dressed in the uniform of the Volunteer Rifles and the Argyleshire Artillery, green trimmed with silver. Lord Lorne looked pale and nervous as he stood before the altar.

After a pause the Queen entered, robed in black satin, very low in the neck. She also wore a veil and a coronet of diamonds. The Princess followed wearing a dress of white satin with a white velvet train, a Honiton lace veil and a wreath of orange flowers. Eight bridesmaids carried the train. They were all daughters of Dukes and Earls and dressed in silks with necklaces and wreaths of roses. They wore no veils. The Queen and the Princess Louise knelt at the altar for a few moments and then the Marquis of Lorne advanced and the Bishop of London, assisted by the Bishops of Winchester, Worcester and Oxford, performed the ceremony. The Queen gave away the bride. The Princess spoke her responses clearly but the answers of the Marquis were inaudible.

After the ceremony the Queen took the Princess in her arms and gave her a hearty kiss. The Marquis of Lorne knelt and kissed the Queen's hand. The royal party then received congratulations and slowly quitted the chapel. The crowd cheered and waved wedding favors during their passage back to the Castle where the wedding breakfast was served to all the guests. The royal party breakfasted alone. No speeches were made but there was great gaiety.

Two immense wedding cakes were served and then the bride retired and changed her dress. When she reappeared she was in a charming traveling costume of Campbell plaid. The bridal party then took the carriages for Claremont where they are to spend the honeymoon. The road was lined with triumphal arches and the people cheered the bride and bridegroom all the way to their new home.

GOING TO THE PARSON.—Only a few months ago a couple coming to the parson brought with them another pair whose nuptials had some time before been celebrated in the parsonage. After the ceremony was concluded, the older ones stopped to talk for a moment. "It's near two years since we stood up here," said the husband. "Ay; and how fares it with you?" inquired the parson. "Oh, very well; first rate!" they both answered in the same breath. And then the wife, gently: "We've had a great comfort come to us of late, sir—a little girl; and it isn't hard to be content with such a treasure in the house." And then he looked at her, and she at him, both so glad and proud, and the happy tears came into their eyes. How could the parson help crying with them? Indeed he did not try to help it.

It is a brave, grand thing that you are doing, young men and women! You are content to go to the parson, and begin thus in a quiet, sober way the journey of life together. No cards; no carriages; no silver plate; no bridal tour; no bank-account; no house to live in; absolutely nothing but faith, hope and love! That is endowment enough! Instead of waiting till your lives are soured and spoiled by vanity and vice, you are starting out resolved to brave the perils and face the storms and bear the burdens of life together. It is the right way to begin. You escape a thousand dangers that you would encounter, and you harvest a thousand joys that you would miss, if you waited, as too many of your brethren and sisters wait, till you could begin with a stylish wedding! The parson is proud of your courage and faith; and, if he were only good enough to make his blessing avail you anything, he would say to every one of you:—

"The Lord bless you and keep you!

"The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you!

"The Lord lift up his countenance unto you and give you peace!"—*Rev. Washington Gladden.*

—There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.—*Geo. D. Prentice.*

Farm and Garden.

CLOVER AND PLASTER.

I have been long trying by experiments to determine whether clover really added to the fertility of the soil that produced it, or whether the clover plant was all the while exhausting the sub-soil, and merely lifting the fertilizing qualities that there might be in the sub-soil to the surface by its long tap roots.

My experimental field, that has now had the crops of seventy years of grain and grass taken off it, during which time it has been under the cultivation of my father, myself, and son, having for all that time received no manure except clover seed and plaster, and has constantly improved in fertility, I suppose to be the most perfect practical test to which this question has ever been subjected. During the last thirty years, this field has been visited by men eminent as writers upon agricultural science. All of them have said that in time I would impoverish the soil by my manner of treating it. Prof. James F. W. Johnston, twenty years since, while visiting the country, examined this field, and said that "Such severe—what we should call scourging—treatment may be continued a great many years with apparent impunity, although it tells very soon on land of inferior quality. But even on this land it tells at last."

Determined, as I have been, if life lasted long enough, to test the truth of these theories of scientific men, we have drawn our barnyard manure, at some inconvenience, to fields lying beyond it, and have depended for this one field entirely on clover and plaster, with the result I have stated, not entirely free from lingering fears that the book men might be right after all—"that it would tell in time."

Professor Voelcker, so far as I know, was the first man who had any reputation for scientific knowledge who attempted to grapple with the question, and who could be persuaded to admit the possibility of clover adding to the productiveness of the soil on which it grew by fertilizing matters drawn from the atmosphere.—*Hon. George Geddes.*

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes that about thirty years ago his father had three acres in clover. About half was fresh-looking, rank and large; the other half was short, tawny-yellow with dead and punctured leaves. He could not remember any treatment of the land that could have made the difference; but afterwards recollected that three years previously he had corn there; when, having two-thirds of a barrel of plaster left, he put it on as far as it would reach, and then, three years after sewing, it more than doubled the yield of clover. Subsequently the adjoining field was in clover, and in growing-time in the month of June, standing on a knoll about two hundred yards distant, every row where the corn had been plastered five years before could be distinctly traced. This proves that this cheapest of all fertilizers is the most permanent in its effects upon the soil.

According to his observation, plaster does little or no good before rain comes to dissolve it, or act on it in some way.—When he was a boy, working on his fathers farm, there was a six-acre field of corn. This field had seldom been manured.—They put on 1500 pounds of plaster, an old negro and the writer being employed to apply it to the corn. They worked until three o'clock in the afternoon, when there came on a heavy shower. Next day the job was finished. This was early in the week. On Sunday the part of the corn that had been plastered before the shower had turned dark green, while the part that was finished after the shower was yellow and unaffected; but as there were soon more showers, the whole became an equally good crop. He mentions this last to show the mistaken idea that plaster is best in dry weather, on the theory of its attracting moisture.

STRIKING SEEDS IN THE HOUSE.

Cold as it is, true garden-lovers, impatient as lovers always are, will begin about this time to anticipate spring weather by sowing seeds in pots and boxes for early planting. Pansies, zinnias, asters, balsams, phlox, started thus come into bloom a fortnight or three weeks sooner than they otherwise would, and it is a safer method of treating rare and delicate seeds than sowing in the open air.

The earth for this indoor culture must be light and friable. Sprinkle the seeds over the surface and smooth them in with the palm of your hand. Water moderately and set in a warm, sunny place, laying over the top of the flower-pot or box a pane of glass. The moisture thus confined (after the principle of the fern case) coaxes the little germs rapidly forward, and the plants will have reached their second leaf and be ready for out-doors by the time that May has warmed her brown beds and begun to twinkle with beckoning fingers for all green things to come and make merry.—*Scribner's for April.*

DEEP PLOWING FOR WORN OUT LANDS.

The agriculturist should know that all soils, and even granite rock, contain more or less of the elements of vegetable growth. Soil while in a dense state, so compact that the atmosphere, with the aid of the sun and rain, heat and cold, cannot penetrate and decompose them, will be sterile; while by disintegrating them they will become fertile, and their power for absorbing and combining with manurial substances greatly increased. Therefore it is that the same quantity of manure, the same season, the same kind of land, yields far greater returns where the land has been deeply and thoroughly pulverized.

—Many a man dreads throwing away his life at once, who shrinks not from throwing it away piecemeal.—*Howe.*

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The Transcript.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1871.

EDWARD H. ELWELL, EDITOR.
S. T. PICKARD, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

VOLUME THIRTY-FIVE.

Entering upon the year which completes half a lifetime, the Transcript this week, makes its bow to its fifty thousand readers, in enlarged form and a spick and span new suit. Having reached the years of mature manhood, it swells to the full proportions of the modern newspaper sheet. Thirty-four years ago it was a small thing, and its growth, like that of everything which lasts, has been slow but sure. It is no longer "the little Transcript," but claims a place among the largest newspapers in the State. We hope our readers will be pleased with its appearance. We hope so to employ our enlarged space as to increase their number. We invite all to this our birthday feast, and hope for many returns of the happy occasion.

WHERE THE TRANSCRIPT GOES.

It is probably known to all our readers that the Transcript has by far the largest circulation of any newspaper published in Maine, but it is not so generally known that its subscription list is equal to *the combined circulation of all the other weeklies* published in this city, including, as they do, the leading political, religious and reform papers of the State. The impression which we find very general, that a very large fraction of our circulation is outside of the State limits, is not correct. We do indeed, send thousands of copies to the other New England States, and there is no State, Territory, or Province of North America where we have not more or less subscribers. But of the 18,000 copies we print this week, five-sixths go to subscribers in this State. There are 790 post offices in Maine, and we believe there are not two of these offices where our paper is not regularly served to subscribers. In a majority of the offices the bundle we send is as large as that of any other paper received, from whatever source, and in many, much the largest. It is of especial interest to those who favor us with their advertising patronage, to know that more than most other papers, the Transcript, after being thoroughly read by its subscribers, is forwarded to distant friends. This accounts for its being so generally met in every part of the world. Our friends returning from Europe, assure us that its welcome face greets them wherever they go. Business men who have anything to say which they wish to reach every city, town and hamlet, and almost every shopkeeper in Maine, can find the opportunity in these columns. We have never asked for advertisements, for all we have room for come to us unsolicited. Only we should like it better if our own people took the space now occupied by the merchants and business men of New York and Boston. Our space for advertising is limited, and we never allow it to crowd upon the columns of reading matter.

—John Bull is very much stirred up by the success of the Prussian arms. He begins to feel that his position is a very ticklish one, and accordingly there is no end of growling in the journals over the condition of the British army and navy. John Bull never makes any secret of his weak points. He grumbles about them until he is satisfied that the attention of the government is awakened to the necessity of doing something. Just now he is in a great state of fuss and fume over the nation's capabilities of defence. He feels that Great Britain is losing her prestige as a first-class power, and is very uneasy about it. John Stuart Mill says that England's main defence against invasion is the channel fleet, and that has only to be two days out of the way to allow a landing by an army which could hardly be resisted. Mr. Froude says that the country owes its exemption from immediate danger to its geographical position alone, and that if the fleet were disabled and a well appointed army of a hundred thousand men thrown upon England's shores, she could offer no effective resistance. Judy, one of the London humorous and satirical journals, sums up the situation in the following stinging sarcasm, in the form of an advertisement:

"J. Bull begs to inform his friends, the public, heads of families and teachers in infant schools, that he is prepared to exhibit on very reasonable terms his celebrated British Lion (quite tame). The awe-inspiring and terrific roars of this noble animal, combined with its perfect harmlessness, are now well known. Any person may, with the greatest impunity, kick or spit upon it, or pull it by the tail, so that much fun may be derived from its ferocious demonstrations, at which nobody need feel the least afraid. It has been exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe, and has raised screams of laughter. Address J. Bull, at the 'Wind Bag Inn,' Lamb's Conduit-st."

PORTLAND PULPITS.—NO. I.

THE FIRST PARISH CHURCH.

In any account of the religious societies of Portland the "Old First Parish" must always claim precedence. The first organized church of ancient Falmouth, deeply rooted in the early settlement of the town, remarkable for the eminent and godly character of its pastors and the extraordinary length of their pastorates, the mother church, whose vigorous off-shoots exist among us, though now of widely different faith, the First Parish stands prominently forth as the oldest church of the city and the State. Its history is the history of the town for the first half century of its existence. Its first pastor, Rev. Thomas Smith, settled in 1727, was not only the spiritual father of the little settlement, but its only physician, mending the bodies as well as the souls of his people. After a ministry with them of sixty-eight years, he died in 1795 in the ninety-fourth year of his age. Rev. Dr. Deane, his colleague and successor, served faithfully fifty years, dying in the eighty-first year of his age. His colleague and successor, Rev. Dr. Nichols, had a pastorate only fifteen years, dying in 1830 in his seventy-fifth year. For a period of one hundred and thirty-seven years there was no vacancy in the pastoral office, and the church had but four ministers during that time. There is a permanency about the relations of this society refreshing to contemplate in these days of frequent changes in the pastoral office and religious connections. It is eminently a family church, its membership descending from father to son. There are old men among us who have scarcely missed a Sabbath in their attendance upon its ministrations since the days of their boyhood, and whose fathers before them were equally constant.

The old meeting-house in which Parson Smith preached two long, long sermons, and "prayed largely for an hour and a half" during so many years, gave way to the present structure in 1825. This edifice, in the solidity of its undressed granite, and the fineness of its proportions, maintains its position among the architectural ornaments of the city, notwithstanding so many modern churches have sprung up among us. The interior, with its frescoed walls and memorial tablets, has nothing of the bareness which prevails in many churches, but is warm and cheerful without being gaudy.

Indeed a refined taste is a prominent element in the worship of this church. Flowers adorn the pulpit in their season, music is employed not merely as a formal act of praise, nor as a sensuous enjoyment, but as a soothing influence disposing the mind to devotional feeling, and the service, in all its parts, scrupulously avoids anything like weariness, while it ministers to the rest and refreshment of the hearer. Parson Smith's lengthy sermons and copious prayers are long since out of date.

The choir of this church has always comprised many of our best singers. At present it is composed as follows: Soprano, Mrs. H. N. Wetherbee; Alto, Mrs. Norcross; Tenor, Mr. Samuel Thurston; Basso, Mr. John L. Shaw; Organist, Mr. H. Kotzschmar. Music forms a predominant part of the service, and is artistic as well as devotional.

The present pastor of the church, the Rev. B. H. Bailey, is a gentleman who worthily succeeds the eminent men who have filled this pulpit. With a tall and commanding figure and pleasing countenance he makes an impressive appearance in the pulpit. His voice is clear and resonant, and although confining himself closely to his manuscript he yet uses a freedom of action which imparts an oratorical air to his delivery. His intonations are often emphatic and full of meaning, while in the plainness and directness with which he sometimes puts a thing and the ready employment of the current phrases of the day, he recalls the manner of his immediate predecessor, the Rev. Mr. Stebbins.

One who visits this church on a Sunday morning finds ready entrance. It is hospitably open to strangers, and the early custom of taking a contribution from them for the support of the minister has long since been discarded. It was quite an item in the income of Parson Smith.

The service begins with the low, sweet music of the organ, with which the voices of the choir blend in harmonious prelude. Then the preacher reads rapidly, and with nervous action, but impressively, commanding close attention to the sacred word, passages from the 29th and 30th chapters of Deuteronomy, wherein Moses sets forth the covenant of God with his chosen people. A brief invocation follows this, and then the reading of a hymn with a slight intonation:

"Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way!"

The singing of the hymn is followed by a prayer, earnestly delivered, in which the divine fatherhood of God is the prevailing thought. As the last words die away, the low, sweet strains of the organ, breaking in, seem to waft the prayer to the Mercy Seat. A second hymn is now read and sung, the audience standing for the first time in the service. Then the preacher reads a notice that the Portland Fraternity has taken Rooms, and will gladly receive contributions of books, pictures and games. A word of commendation is given to this object, and the text is then announced—Gen. 47:9—"And Jacob said unto Pharaoh, few and evil have the days of my life been," and Ps. 13:6—"I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me." The discourse that follows is a summing up of the good and evil in human life, and the conclusion reached is that the former largely predominates. It is a cheering view of God's Providence, but not exhortative in its character.

It is a gloomy picture presented by the sad words of Jacob as he stands before Pharaoh. He has been a man of resolute character; not scrupulous as to means in attaining his ends, and what with his bargaining, cheating and stealing, has made no small gains. He hoodwinked his dying father and stole his brother's heritage. His father-in-law played him a trick, and with a manner "childlike and bland" he made large reprisals. Yet he has not tasted satisfaction or real peace. If God gives us what we ask why should he be blamed if he gives no more? Jacob has had heavy sorrows. He has been constantly afraid of being overreached, a reflection of his own cunning. His family troubles have been great. He quarrelled with his brother, his sons quarrelled among themselves, murder and rapine are among their deeds, and his favorite son has been put out of the way. It is with the remembrance of these things that he stands before Pharaoh and exclaims that his days have been few and evil.

If this is the end of human life, why should we exist at all? The answer is the denial of the statement as untrue, or not the experience of a large part of human life. It is not miserable in the main. There is misery enough, but comfort more; the distress is as nothing to the well-being.

First consider the general prevalence of health. The soundness of man is large and constant, health is the rule of life, and this gives us a large vantage. Even those who are habitually ill find something to cheer their lot, and many an invalid life is a noble one. Freedom from pain is a great blessing, and the days in most lives are not few in which the high tone of health makes it a pleasure merely to live.

Secondly, the affections are the measure of the happiness and misery of human life. We love more than we hate, and the happiness vastly outweighs the sorrow. It is often said that the parent's love for his children is not repaid, and in dollars and cents it is not, but is there no pleasure in the doing, no comfort in this watching and painstaking? Children "troublesome comforts?" Nay, they are comfortable troubles. There are great evils springing from the prejudices, jealousies and competitions of life, yet there are large compensations. The miseries of life make the most noise, and we do not reckon up the friendly thoughts and the charitable deeds that are silently done. Whole communities rejoice in the good fortune of the boy who has gone out from among them, and sympathize with the grief of those who are bereaved.

Thirdly, labor is to be considered as a comfort or a misery. Though it has been attended with groans since Adam lazily lost Paradise, yet work is full of consolation. In bereavement how has the hand sought the accustomed tool as a means of relief! While a man works, the gates of redemption are still open to him. He who can do one thing well has a sure defence against misery. Consider the pride a carpenter takes in a finished piece of work. His trade is to him a fulfillment of Providence, full of satisfaction.

There are two judgments of life—one contemptuous, the other cordial. The life of largest power has much to abate its pride—as it should have—but on the other hand the lowliest lot has much that is good, and when the whole is weighed, each one may say with the Psalmist, the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me.

At the conclusion of the sermon the organ notes break in again, a hymn is sung, in which the congregation join, standing, and then the benediction is given and the congregation depart in peace.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.*

Ancient Jerusalem is buried in its own rubbish. The modern city is built upon its ruins. The work of recovery, of tracing ancient walls, identifying localities and exploring subterranean passages is extremely difficult, not merely because of the accumulated rubbish to be removed, but on account of the absurd obstacles thrown in the way of the work by the craft, stupidity and ignorance of the race which now rules the Holy Land. Yet encouraging progress has been made by the English explorers, the original stimulus to the undertaking being supplied by the benevolent wish of Miss Burdett Coutts to ascertain the best means of carrying water to the thirsty city. For, although in the ancient city the water supply was abundant, in the modern town it is lamentably deficient. Spite of the opposition, sloth and suspiciousness of the officials, shafts have been sunk and galleries run, cased with lumber and plank, at great expense, and adventurous explorers [illegible] their way through dark and noisome passages, finding their reward in the discovery of the foundations of the piers of bridges, old-time pavements, cisterns, tanks and water channels, hewn in the rock or built of solid masonry, underground vaults and chambers, and other evidences of Jewish and Roman power and skill.

The stories told by Josephus as to the great height of the ancient walls of the city and outer temple courts have been confirmed, evidence having been discovered that the latter rose to the height of two hundred feet from its foundation in the valley, with towers and porticoes still higher! On the bottom courses of the eastern wall, to which a shaft was sunk, were found Phœnician letters, the marks of masons or quarrymen, reminding us of what the Bible says of the builders sent by Hiram, King of Tyre, who aided Solomon in the building of the temple.

But the explorations have not been confined to the city. They have been extended to the chief points of interest in the Holy Land, and satisfactory progress has been made towards determining the sites of ancient Capernaum and Chorazin, the spot where the swine were driven into the sea, the point of the passage of the Red Sea and the course of the Israelites through the Wilderness of Sin, and the identification of the sacred hill of Aaron and Hur.

But perhaps the most interesting part of the work is that relating to the discovery of what is known as the Moabite Stone. This was a piece of black basalt having upon it an inscription of thirty-four lines concerning the doings of King Mesha, an ancient king of Moab, who warred with Judah and Israel and was finally overcome by them. The existence of the stone was revealed by the Arabs to a Mr. Klein in 1868. He endeavored to get possession of it, but during the pendency of negotiations others also attempted to secure it. This aroused the cupidity of the Arabs; they quarrelled among themselves, and finally in a passion, built a fire around the precious stone, threw water upon it and split it into fragments. Fortunately the French consul had secured an imperfect "squeeze," or copy of the inscription, and copies of the fragments have since been obtained, upon which scholars have been at work and have succeeded in deciphering nearly all the inscription. Archæologists have decided that the stone had stood where it was found for two thousand five hundred years, and what is singular about it is that the language of the inscription is almost identical with biblical Hebrew, and it is as easily read by scholars as Hebrew or Greek. It is the most ancient of inscriptions, and not only confirms and illustrates the narrative of the Second Book of Kings, but *adds* to our knowledge. It records the wars of King Mesha with Omri, King of Israel, and accords perfectly with all the history of that ancient period made known to us by the Old Testament Scriptures. It is indeed wonderful that such a record should be found, after the lapse of so many ages, and be saved from the destruction to which the ignorance and cupidity of the Arabs had doomed it. It is the only original document on the history of Israel, before the time of the Maccabees, outside of the Scriptures, known to the world.

The work in which these facts are recorded is an exceedingly interesting volume, illustrated with maps, plates and cuts, throwing much light on ancient history and the record of the Bible.

*THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM: Edited by Walter Morrison, with an introduction by Arthur P. Stanley, D. D., Dean of Westminster. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Sold by Bailey & Noyes.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The cruel and cowardly conduct of the Paris mob is palliating the tyranny of Louis Napoleon, and making even his imperial government seem tolerable.

—Rev. Dr. Lewis, of St John's Church, Washington, refused to marry, during Lent, the young couple whose wedding caused so great a commotion in the high life of Washington, last week, and so another clergyman was employed to tie the nuptial knot. These Lenten scruples are becoming slightly ridiculous.

—We have a pleasant letter from our venerable friend, Capt. James Choate, of Naples, who asks us to find out how long he has been taking the Transcript. The destruction of our books in the great fire of 1866 prevents us from tracing back the honorable record of our friend, but as far back as we can remember his cheery face illumined our office as regularly as the years came round.

—The speech of Senator Sumner, charging the administration with grave assumptions of power in the prosecution of the San Domingo scheme, will arrest the attention of the country. It is evident that this unwise movement has been badly managed from the first, and the best thing the President can do is to drop the whole matter. The country doesn't want San Domingo, and it will condemn any unauthorized assumption of power to effect such an undesirable acquisition.

—W. W. Thomas, Jr., Esq., Commissioner of Immigration, shows us a Swedish paper, two columns of which are devoted to setting forth the advantages to emigrants of the colony at New Sweden. One of the arguments is that Maine is the northeastern-most State of the United States, and that Aroostook is the northeastern county, and the colony of New Sweden is in the eastern part of Aroostook. So that New Sweden is the nearest point in the United States to Old Sweden, and the colonists therefore are nearer their old homes than if located in any other part of the country!

Mr Darwin informs us with an air of undoubting confidence, that "man is descended from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the old world." We ought certainly to be grateful for this information, since few of us in this country can trace our ancestry beyond our grandfathers. It is a comfort to know that we are connected with the oldest families of the old world. The College of Heralds can now furnish us all with coats of arms—hairy arms—and those who have a desire to ape the ancient nobility can add a tail.

—We find in the Honolulu Advertiser some statistics of the cost of living in the Sandwich Islands, of which we make a note. The retail price of fresh beef and mutton is 10 cents per pound; lamb 20, and veal 12½. Turkeys 75 cents to a dollar, chickens 37 to 62 cents, while eggs are 75 cents per dozen. Fresh fish per pound, 25 to 50 cents! and butter 50 cents. Sugar 10 cents per pound; tea 37 to $1.25, ground coffee 25, and firewood $15.00 per cord. The highest rate of mechanic's wages is $3.50 per day, on which sum, according to the Advertiser's figures, he must figure closely in order to live.

[illegible] brilliant appearance, blazing as they do with three great planets, besides the new moon and all the train of lesser stars. Venus may be seen in the west, shining with a pure, clear light. Overhead, and near Orion, Jupiter beams forth, highest in position and in lustre. In the east the ruddy glow of Mars is seen, while stars of the first magnitude circle around the great central constellation, shedding a dazzling radiance through the sky:

"——— the day is spent,
And stars are kindling in the firmament,
To us how silent—though, like ours, perchance,
Busy and full of circumstance."

—We read that a steamship has arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, with a cargo of 15,000 seals, and the captain reports thirty sail of vessels in the ice, all loaded and bearing up for home. The seal fishery is unusually good this season; for days together the vessel was surrounded by seals as far as the eye could reach. This sealing business is a terribly butchery. The field of operation is the floating ice which comes down from the north in March. The young seal are found about the size of a cat, mewing on the ice. The men from the sealing vessels walk up to the "white coats," as the young seal are called, and knock them over, stick them with the knife, cut them down the breast, when the carcass rolls out, leaving the skin and fat, which are all the seal catchers are after, the carcass being left on the ice. The baby seals often look up in the face of their slaughterers and shed tears like a child. After the 25th of March they begin to dip. They take to the water and are only to be captured by shooting from the boats.

—The town of Groton, Mass., having been divided, the new town has assumed the name of Ayer, in honor of the great "medicine man" of Lowell, and no doubt will sooner or later have substantial reasons for congratulating itself upon its choice. The worthy Doctor delivered an interesting address at the inauguration of the town, tracing his name and ancestry to the birthplace of the poet Burns. Of course he did not neglect to give some startling statistics not unconnected with the enterprise of furnishing the physic of a bilious world. He states that his laboratory makes daily 630,000 pottions or doses, and adds, "these are all taken by somebody"—a thought to startle one, till the reflection comes that the world is not only not becoming depopulated, but is really growing healthier under it. Next to health comes education, and the good Doctor recommends schools, and wishes that he may be allowed to contribute from his means, such as they are, "towards this first foundation of the public good." We have no doubt he will be permitted to do so, and we are equally sure he could not spend his money for a better object.

—While the fashionable society of England was agitated by the great event of the wedding of the Princess Louise, last week, our republican court at Washington also had its fashionable wedding, in the most nobby style. A daughter of Chief Justice Chase, was married to Mr. Sprague Hoyt, a relative of Senator Sprague, and there was a great crowd in attendance at the church where the ceremony was performed. Four boys had charge of a white ribbon which was extended across the body of the church to mark the reserved seats for distinguished personages, and four ushers escorted the happy ticket holders to their seats. The bride wore a lovely dress of white illusion, looped up with orange flowers, and flowing bridal veil, over which was a wreath of orange blossoms. The four bridesmaids were uniformly dressed in white French muslin, with ruffles, trimmed with white satin pipings, and looped up with tiny bunches of white flowers. The hair of each was dressed with natural flowers, and each one carried a boquet of pink roses. A magnificent entertainment followed the wedding, at which the President and Vice President were present.

LOCAL NOTES.

—The Schumacher Brothers at Morrison's old stand, in Deering Block, have opened to the public a very attractive art gallery. This free exhibition of pictures at our art stores is certainly a thing to be grateful for, since it not only affords a pure pleasure, but does much to cultivate the public taste. Among the paintings on exhibition at Schumacher's are several worthy of a close study. Waterman's picture of Gulliver among the Lilliputians, is a fine realization of Swift's extravagant fancy. Gulliver lies stretched upon the shore where the curious little people, of all grades and classes of society, swarm around and upon him, eager, yet half afraid, to examine this human phenomenon. Beyschlag's picture of "Coming through the Rye," is a very pretty rendering of the popular song. The lover who stops the path will evidently allow no passage within the accustomed toll. Then there are Harry Brown's fine breezy picture of Frenchman's Bay, a small marine by Norton, and many others worthy of a more extended notice than we can give them at this time.

—The meeting at Reception Hall on Friday evening showed that our citizens are waking up to the importance of a union central depot on Back Cove. All who have ever looked at both sides of the city, and considered that Portland is destined to become an important railroad center, can come to but one conclusion on the subject. The narrow shelf of land under the hill, on our water front, is already crowded with railroad tracks and trains, obstructing the approach to the wharves and the travel to and from Cape Elizabeth, while the depots are inconvenient and distant from the centre of the city. On the Back Cove side there is plenty of space, near the centre of business, and there all the railroads ought to take and leave their passengers. But this will not be accomplished without some labor and the committee have a difficult and delicate task to perform. The future interests of the city demand this change, and the railroad companies must be made to see that it is for their interests to accommodate the public. We doubt not that if approached in the right manner the desired change can be accomplished.

—"The stormy March has come at last"—though rather late in the season. After twenty-six days of lamb-like weather it roared like a lion on Monday. It is something to make a note of that the heaviest snow storm of the winter, and the first of the month, occurred on the 27th of March, when we had every reason to believe that the winter was past and gone. But then March wouldn't be March without at least one snowstorm, and we shouldn't know that our New England Spring had really come if it didn't look like a second winter. Nearly six inches of snow fell on Monday, and when the sun came out bright on Tuesday morning the snow-clad trees and shrubs made a pretty winter picture. We shall hardly get "six weeks sledding in March" this year.

—The second Conservatory Concert called out an audience, nearly filling the spacious City Hall. The programme was made up with excellent taste for a popular concert. We have only space to speak in general terms of the performers. The Temple Quartette of male voices, and Miss Isabel Stone, who furnished the vocal part of the entertainment, received many encores, some of the responses to which were the gems of the evening. The great expectations raised by the reputation of Petersilea, the pianist, and of Mr. Allen, the English violinist, were fully met by their performances. The third concert will be given next Tuesday evening, and our people owe it to the management to reward with a full house their efforts to entertain us.

—During Sumner's speech, Senators Conkling and Edmunds twice interrupted him by loud conversation close to Sumner's chair, and were twice requested by Sumner to desist. The second time Edmunds appealed to the chair to say if there was anything in the rules forbidding private conversation. The Vice President at once caused a rule to be read strictly forbidding such disturbances, and the unmannerly interruption ceased.

—The report of the San Domingo Commissioners speaks in high terms of the island and its resources, condemns the stories that United States officials were privately interested in the land grants, says the total debt of Dominica is $1,556,000, but expresses no opinion on the question of annexation.

—The many kind words of commendation coming from our subscribers of late encourage us to believe that our efforts to please them have not been unsuccessful, and incite us to continued exertions to make the Transcript all that a good family newspaper should be.

—We change our publication day from Tuesday to Wednesday, in order to give one day's later news.

CITY ITEMS.

Glances About Town.

THERE was a regular dust storm on Saturday.—THE Liverpool steamers sailing from this port, consume nearly nine hundred tons of coal in the passage over, occupying about ten days.—THE winds of March are fast drying up the roads.—MR. H. N. Jose has commenced a libel suit, damages $20,000, against John Neal for something he said in the Argus about railroad matters.—THE Portland Company is doing a brisk business in turning out locomotives and freight cars for various railroads.—MR. N. M. Woodman, firm of Woodman & Littlejohn, Commercial street, was found lying insensible near the hatchway in the second story of his store, on Friday week; it was at first thought that he had fallen through the hatchway from the fourth story, but the physicians think he was taken with a rush of blood to the head and fell where he was found, as there were no bruises upon him: he remained insensible up to Friday evening.—THE regular Spring epidemic is breaking out, and painters and paper hangers are in demand.—THERE is talk of Nilsson coming here, but Strakosch wants $3000 for a single concert.—THE National Traders Bank has voted to take $125,000 of the new three per cent. U. S. bonds, in exchange for half of its bonds deposited to secure circulation.—THE party who left last week for California comprise Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Jackson, Miss Baker and Messrs. W. F. Milliken, F. A. Poor, James H. Smith, E. D. Appleton and Charles H. Haskell.—THE pipes of the Portland water works have stood the pressure well the past winter.—THE Independent Aid Society is a new benevolent institution, organized by ladies as an adjunct to temperance societies, and designed to assist those who have been reduced to poverty by indulgence in strong drink.—MRS. Hannah Kane was found dead in her bed, on Friday, in a miserable cellar near the almshouse, where she lived with her children in great squalor; she was an intemperate woman, and rum probably killed her; an intemperate son, 24 years old, and two younger children, were sent to the work-house.—CAPT. Smith, of the steamship Peruvian, gaily bedecked his ship with bunting on Thursday week, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Louise, which took place on that day.—THE heavy rain of last week washed our streets badly; they were dirty enough to need it, but like stockings after washing day, they now need mending.—ON Thursday evening of this week the Ancient Harmony Society will favor our citizens with a concert at City Hall, for the benefit of the Young Men's Christian Association.—MRS. Henry Burnell, residing on Merrill street, fell by reason of a stone in the street and fractured her leg.—THE Adelphians were so well received here that they propose to visit Portland again next week; they are capital burlesque actors, especially "the Widow Twankey."—HARRY Brown's grand painting of "Morning on the Northern Coast" was drawn in the raffle last week by ticket No. 64, held by Edw. W. Fox.—THE Conservatory concerts opened well last week, notwithstanding the clerk of the weather tried to throw a damper upon them.—THE Army and Navy Union hang out a handsome sign on their new hall.—HON. John Lynch arrived home from Washington last week.—THE Blues' masquerade ball called together a large assemblage of unique costumes, and the occasion was one of a good deal of fun and enjoyment.—THE health of the Hon. Phinehas Barnes is improving.—THE number of dwelling houses in this city, is 3,411.—BUDS are swelling and wild flowers getting ready to blossom in the woods.—THE proportion of deaths to the population, in this city, during the past ten years, has been 1 in 47; in New York the proportion is 1 in 34.—THERE are eleven islands belonging to this city, with parts of two other islands and three or four islets: Long Island is the largest, having an area of 912 acres; Peak's Island comes next with 720 acres, and the total acreage of all the islands is 2,051 acres, while the city proper contains but 1,660 acres.—THE dust that flew on Saturday was effectually laid by the snow that fell on Monday.—MR. H. N. Jose has also sued the Argus for libel, damages $20,000, on account of John Neal's article on railroad consolidation.—SUNDAY was a bright, breezy, pleasant March day, sandwiched between a gale of wind and a snow-storm.—THE Portland Fraternity has taken rooms at 353½ Congress street, where periodicals, newspapers, and games of all kinds will be provided for the amusement and instruction of all who may resort there during the day and evening.—HIGH street church has paid off its debt, and money left.—THE White Mountains stood out finely on the northern horizon last Sunday.—PROF. Denton delivered lectures to large audiences in City Hall, last Sunday, in which while deducing the existence [illegible] state from natural arguments, he declared his entire disbelief in the divine origin of the Bible.—MR. Woodman has regained his senses and strong hopes are entertained of his recovery; he says he fell through the scuttle while lowering some bags, and struck upon them, which accounts for the absence of bruises on his person.—THE red maples are in full bud, with snow on them!—THERE are reports of trouble in the School Committee occasioned by the introduction of politics into that body, from which of all places in the world, they ought to be excluded; it appears to us that the present form of our school management is unwieldy and cumbrous; there ought to be a Supervisor, with perhaps an Advisory Board; our schools demand the constant attention of at least one man with executive power and responsibility.—THE birds were flying about in great agitation during the snow storm of Monday; the sudden return of winter was not probably anticipated by them.—THE stock in the millinery establishment of Mrs. M. J. Cushman, Free Street, was ruined by fire, smoke and water on Monday night; stock valued at $13,000, insured for $6,000; the building was not much damaged.—NILSSON is not coming, but Fechter is, and so is Maggie Mitchel; she will perform three nights next week, beginning on Tuesday, and appearing in her famous impersonations, Little Barefoot, Pearl of Savoy and Fanchon.—MR. Charles H. Adams, proprietor of the Adams House, was seized with an apoplectic fit on Sunday, but is now out of danger.—LEWIS Pierce, Esq., and Rev. W. T. Root have resigned their positions on the School Committee; S. T. Pullen has been chosen third member of the Executive Committee.—A LARGE muskrat was caught at the Sugar House the other day, supposed to have come through the water-pipes from Lake Sebago; the Press says it lived two days.—THE venerable Jonathan Morgan offers to furnish the city with wooden pavement at $4 per cord.—MR. Francis Murphy and others will address the temperance meeting at City Hall next Sunday evening.—THE yacht Ray is receiving extensive repairs and improvements.—STEAMSHIP Austrian arrived Tuesday evening with 25 cabin and 221 steerage passengers.—MR. HAWES, of the firm of Hawes & Cragin, has resigned his position as organist in Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, and is to play for the First Baptist Society of this city.—WE are to have three evenings entertainment by the charming Maggie Mitchell next week, at the Music Hall.

City Notices.

—Sawyer & Woodford, 119 Exchange St., have received a splendid collection of Garden and Flower Seeds which they can warrant pure and true to name, and they come from the most reliable seedsmen in the country, such as Vick, Hovey, Gregory, &c. A good assortment of garden and field tools, trees, plants, shrubs, &c., and everything usually kept in a first-class seed store.

—Find Clothing and Furnishing Goods of the latest and seasonable styles, at O'Neil Robinson's, 290 Congress Street.

—A. N. Noyes & Son, 12 Exchange Street, dealers in stoves, furnaces and tin ware, have an admirable, cheap refrigerator, the size of a barrel, which housekeepers should examine before purchasing the costlier kinds.

—Men's and Boy's Clothing manufactured in the best style and sold at the lowest rates by Orin Hawkes & Co., opposite the Preble House.

—Geo. W. Rich & Co., 173 Free Street, have a very large assortment of every article belonging to a gentleman's wardrobe or toilet, and their prices are always the lowest in the market.

—If you are sick, don't fail to see Mrs. Bibber, the Blind Clairvoyant, at her Rooms, No. 7, Brown St. Her cures are wonderful.

—Wilson, the murderer of the Warden of the Connecticut State Prison, attempted to commit suicide by starving himself five days of last week. The physician injected beef tea into his stomach, which Wilson declared was worse than hanging, and so capitulated, calling for milk porridge and crackers. He takes his meals regularly now.

—A skunk that was caught in a trap at Newtonville last November, subsequently walked off with the trap and escaped. A week or two ago a skunk with its leg in a trap, was shot in Peabody, and was, no doubt, the same skunk that was caught in Newtonville. It had travelled twenty miles in four months.

—During the general illumination with which the Germans greeted the fall of Paris, a clever barber, a townsman of Von Moltke, publicly displayed a transparency upon which the following couplet figured:
"Moltke and I were both at Parchim born;
He has the French and I've the Germans shorn."

—Thomas Hart Clay, second son of Henry Clay, died in Lexington, Ky., on Saturday, at the age of sixty-eight years. He was Minister to Nicaragua during a portion of President Lincoln's first administration and was thereafterward transferred to Honduras.

—Forty years ago Simon Cameron purchased for $100 a spur of the Broad Mountain in Pennsylvania. It is now worth $1,000,000. Coal has been mined out of it for thirty-five years, and he has realized in the shape of royalty about $100 a day.

—At a large dinner, given a short time ago at New York, the names of the guests, designating their places at the table, were painted on rubber balloons which floated over the table, being fastened to long strings, one to the stem of each man's goblet.

—A California lion was lately killed near Los Angeles while gorging himself on surreptitious veal. It took seven rifle balls to destroy the monarch of the beasts.

Special Notices.

BAILEY & NOYES'
MUSIC ROOMS

ONE THOUSAND MUSICIANS

Testify that the Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs EXCEL ALL OTHERS. See Testimony Circular.

75 MEDALS,

Or other highest premiums, have been awarded them for demonstrated superiority. New styles and reduced prices this season.

Catalogues free.

Prices from $50 to $675, according to style and finish

We also keep the Celebrated

CHICKERING & SONS
Piano Fortes,

Which have no equal, being universally acknowledged by the best Musicians as the Most Perfect Piano in the World.

Prices from $475 to $1500.

Bailey & Noyes,
BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS
Exchange St., Portland.
45 3mos

Born.

Porter, March 17, to the wife of Capt Christopher Sawyer, a son. March 20, to the wife of Warren N. Stone, a daughter.
Durham, March 18, to the wife of Lewis C Robinson, a daughter.
Saco March 20 to the wife of Ivory H Towle, a son.

Married.

In this city, March 23 Capt John P. Hunter, of Allonvale, Canada, and Laura A Fiske, of Portland.
In this city, Henry J. C. Reed and Ruth E. Sturtevant, both of Perkins.
In this city, March 20, Franklin H Brackett and Mary A. Chandler both of Portland.
Gardiner March 22, Hiram B. Cromell and Mrs Emma Partridge, both of Augusta.
Cornish March 19 Temple C Huntress, of Hiram and Sarah E. Sedgley of Limerick. March 14, Aaron H Marr and Annie R Trafton, both of C.
Hiram March 25, Charles A. Warren, of Hiram, and Luella M. Burnell, of Baldwin.
South Molunkus, March 22, Col J. F Twitchell, of Oldtown, and Clara L. Clemons, of S. M.
Ellsworth, March 14, Fred L. Joy and Alice Salisbury, [illegible]

[illegible]

Died.

[illegible]

Westport, March 19, Mrs. Frances J. Hunton, aged 49
Waterville, March 16, Carrie B. Morrill, aged 30; March 11, Mrs Mary A. Fuller, aged 78
Skowhegan, March 23, Mrs Elizabeth Leavitt Nell, aged 86 years 7 months.
Rockland, March 16, Mrs. Justina A. Lowell, aged 43.
Biddeford, March 14, Mrs. Sarah P. Foss, aged 51
Kittery, March 21, Joshua H. Sanborn, Esq., aged 49
Kennebunk, Mrs Betsey Cluff, formerly of Waterboro, aged 90.
Searsmont, March 14, Sarah Adelaide Witherspoon, formerly of Camden, aged 23.
Falmouth, March 26, Mrs. Eliza Ann Johnson, aged 56 years 8 mos.
Augusta, March 25, W E Marden, of Palermo, aged 70 years 8 mos.
Winthrop, March 20, Sophronia Besse, aged 18
Machiasport, March 17, Mrs. Abigail T. Bacheller, aged 66

Gorham, March 21, at the residence of J. H. Ballarick, Essie Louise, only child of W. H and Nellie L. Wood, of Portland, aged 2 years 2 months

God gave and took away
Our one so much beloved,
He saw our idol made of clay,
So took her up above

To draw our hearts to heaven
With longings pure and sweet,
The chastening rod was given,
Our darling fell asleep

Submissive bow the head,
Meekly accept the rod;
Our darling Essie is not dead,
But only gone to God
N F W

New Loan of the United States.

IMPORTANT CIRCULAR.

SUBSCRIPTIONS NOW OPEN—CERTIFICATES READY.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, Feb. 28th, 1871.

Public notice is hereby given that books will be opened on the 6th day of March next in this country and in Europe, for subscriptions to the National Loan under the act approved July, 14, 1870, entitled "An Act to Authorize the Refunding of the National Debt," and the act in amendment thereof, approved January 20, 1871.

The proposed loan comprises three classes of bonds, namely

First. Bonds to the amount of five hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after ten years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of five per cent. per annum.

Second. Bonds to the amount of three hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after fifteen years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four and a half per cent. per annum.

Third. Bonds to the amount of seven hundred millions of dollars, payable in coin, at the pleasure of the United States, after thirty years from the date of their issue, and bearing interest, payable quarterly in coin, at the rate of four per cent. per annum.

Subscriptions to the loan will have preference in the following order, namely:

First. Subscriptions that may be first made for five per cent bonds to the amount of two hundred millions of dollars; of which there will be reserved, for twenty days, one-half for subscribers in this country and one-half for subscribers in foreign countries.

Second. Subscriptions for equal amounts of each class of bonds.

Third. Subscriptions for equal amounts of bonds bearing interest at the rate of four and a half per cent., and of bonds bearing interest at the rate of five per cent.

Fourth. Subscriptions for any five per cent bonds that may not be subscribed for in the preceding classes.

When a subscription is made, the subscriber will be required to deposit two per cent. of the amount in gold coin or currency of the United States, or in bonds of the class to be exchanged, to be accounted for by the Government when the new bonds are delivered; and payment may be made either in coin or in bonds of the United States known as FIVE-TWENTY BONDS, at their par value.

The coin received in payment will be applied to the redemption of five-twenty bonds, and the debt of the United States will not be increased by this loan.

The bonds will be registered or issued with coupons, as may be desired by subscribers. Registered bonds will be issued of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, $1,000, $5,000, $10,000; and coupon bonds of each denomination except the last two. The interest will be payable in the United States, at the office of the Treasurer, any Assistant Treasurer, or Designated Depository of the Government, quarterly, on the first days of February, May, August, and November, in each year.

The bonds of the several classes aforesaid, and the interest thereon are exempt from the payment of all taxes or dues of the United States, as well as from taxation in any form by or under any State, municipal, or local authority.

After maturity, the bonds last issued will be first redeemed, by classes and numbers, as may be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury.

The bonds will be issued at the Treasury, but the agents for the negotiation of the loan in Europe are authorized to make arrangements with subscribers for the transmission of the bonds to the agents through whom subscriptions may be received.

Subscribers in the United States will receive the new bonds of the agents with whom the subscriptions are made.

In the United States the National Banks are authorized to receive subscriptions, and subscriptions may also be made at the office of the Treasurer of the United States, or of any Assistant Treasurer, or of the Designated Depositaries at Buffalo, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Louisville, K. Y.; Mobile, Ala.; [illegible]

P. S.—This Department and its agents [illegible] Bonds and to pay the Gold [illegible] which date the new bonds will [illegible]

A scrip certificate, calling for [illegible] will be issued at once in exchange [illegible]

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,
Secretary of the Treasury

Loan Agents in New England.

BOSTON, MASS.

Blake Brothers.	Kidder, Peabody & Co.
Brewster, Sweet & Co.	Lee, Higginson & Co.
Beck Brothers.	Page, Richardson & Co.
Foote & French.	Spencer, Vila & Co.
Head & Perkins.	Stone & Downer.
Hubbard, Brothers & Co.	Walker & Merriam.
Tower, Giddings & Torrey.	

P. M. Blake, Bangor, Maine.
S. P. Burt, New Bedford, Mass.
George P. Bissell & Co., Hartford, Conn.
Elton Banking Company, Waterbury, Conn.
H. H. Bunnell, New Haven, Conn.
E. S. Scranton & Co., New Haven.

Transcript Marine Journal.

PORT OF PORTLAND.

[illegible]

DISASTERS.

[illegible]

Barque Faro, Beals, at Philadelphia fm Palermo, reports was in collision 14th inst, with barque Sam Sheppard, and had jibboom, martingale and foretopmast head carried away.

Brig Hattie E. Wheeler, Bacon, at St Pierre, Mart, from Portland, reports 15th ult, 5 days out from Portland, experienced a hurricane, stripping the vessel of sails; shipped a tremendous sea which carried away the wheel and two seamen who were at it, also swept away skylight and binnacle, staving the doors and windows in the cabin and carrying away the main boom, gaff and sails, and in fact all attached to it, staving carved work on stone, starting deck fore and aft the house, breaking rails, &c, and filling the cabin with water—the vessel coming to on the port tack and rolling tremendously—the water going from side to side in the cabin, staving everything in it. In that condition the vessel lay for three hours; at last the mate and steward succeeded in cutting holes through the cabin floor and letting the water off—the sea breaking over the vessel, staving the small boat to pieces and badly damaging the large one. Capt Bacon was badly bruised by being thrown from side to side, but succeeded in getting his vessel into St Pierre 1st inst.

Sch Burmah, Winslow, from Bridgeport for New York, got ashore 18th inst, on Whitehall Point, would probably float off at high water.

Sch Walton, Boyd, from New York for Charleston, SC, is ashore at New Inlet, N C.

Brig Caprera, Blanchard, at New York from Palermo, lost foretopgallant mast, sprung mainmast, and lost and split sails.

Sch Wm Jones, Babb, of and from Rockland for New York, with granite, went ashore on Beaver Tail, night of the 18th inst, and sunk; crew saved.

Sch L A Watson, Watson, from Cardenas for Philadelphia, ashore on the Joe Flogger, has settled in the sand, and her bulwarks were under water on the 22d. The vessel has been stripped of sails, &c, and will be a total loss, with her cargo.

Ship Ingomar, of St John, N B, was wrecked last week at Green Turtle Key.

Sch Liberty, at Bucksport, loaded with wood, broke from her moorings and sunk in the harbor during a S E gale 23d inst.

Barque Grace Redpath, fm Sagua for Portland, put into Key West 25th inst, leaking slightly, having been ashore but came off with assistance from wreckers.

Ship Canova, LeSlack, Liverpool for Charleston, S E, foundered at sea 11th inst, lat 36 10, lon 67 30. The captain with his crew of 13 men were taken off by the American brig Lizabel the same afternoon and transferred on the 14th to sch Equator, Capt Ranger, which arrived at Nassau, N P 16th. The C registered 715 tons, was built at Bath in 1856 and hailed fm Boston.

Barque Waller, fm Charleston, S C for Liverpool, which put into New York 26th ult, in distress, has repaired and is reloading cargo.

Sch Flora, from Rockport for New York, is sunk off Newport.

Brig A O Whidden, from Cornwallis NS for Havana, 24 days out, was at Grand Turk TI 13th inst, having put in in distress, 14th ult, shipped heavy seas, stove bulwarks, filled cabin with water, and sustained other damage.

MEMORANDA.

Sch Deborah Jones, of Boston, 161 tons, 16 years old, now at Providence, has been sold to Capt. Jas Dunham and others of Bath, for $3000. She will hereafter hail from Bath, under command of Capt. Dunham, late of sch C Loeser.

Ship Eastern Star is reported to have been sold at Liverpool, understood at about $16,000. She is 1132 tons and was built at Bath in 1856.

FROM MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.

MOBILE—Cld 14th, sch M A Hunt, for Portland.
CHARLESTON—Ar 24th, sch Emma H Phinney, Portland.
BALTIMORE—Cld 19th, schs Abbie Pitman, and Warren Blake, Portland.
Cld fm do 23d, schs A M Nash, and J Farnum, Portland.
Cld fm do 21st sch Tarry Not, Wasson, Portland.
Ar 24th, schs P L Smith, Sophie, and E L Leonard, Portland.
PHILADELPHIA—Ar 19th, sch E G Willard, Portland.
NEW YORK—Ar 24th, brig Mattie B Russell, fm Sagua, sch M L Hall, Portland.
Ar at do 20th, schs Hannie Westbrook, D E Kelley and Cherub, fm Portland.
Ar 23d, schs Ring Dove, Wooster, Ponce; Abby Dunn, Cardenas.
Ar 24th, brig Martha A Berry, Matanzas.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

[illegible]

FOREIGN PORTS.

[illegible]

Ar at Akyab Jan 24, James A Wright, Morse, Bombay.
Ar at St Helena Feb 1, Fred Warren, Homewood, Calcutta, and sailed for Dundee.
Ar at Palermo 28th ult, J H Pearson, Taylor, Trieste.
Sld fm Messina 25th ult, Carrie E Pickering, Torrey, Boston.
Ar at Hamburg, 5th, Lincoln Troll, New Orleans.
Ar at Cuxhaven 5th inst, S F Hersey, Callao.
Ar at do 1th, Hawthorne, Williams, Philadelphia.
Ar at do 7th, Ellen Goodspeed, Preble, Baker's Island.
Ar at Newport 6th, G Strickland, Strickland, fm Liverpool, and ent out 7th for New York, 8th, Star, Vinello Vere, and ent out for Rio Janeiro.
Ar at Hull 7th, Northumberland, fm Savannah.
Sld fm Antwerp 6th inst, St Mary, Hallowell, Cardiff.
Ar at Amsterdam 4th, inst, Eureka, Holloway, New York.
Ar at Flushing 10th, inst P J Carleton, Luce, fm New Orleans.
Ar at the Texel, 19th, J J Norwood, Harkness, Galveston.

SPOKEN.

March 19th, lat 31, lon 74, barques Josephine Martin, Tickett, from Bremen for New Orleans.
March 23, lat 36 04, lon 75, brig Mary E Leighton, from Orange Cay for New York.
Feb 2, lat 35 29, lon 4 20 F, Brig Veronus, Higgins, from Messina for New York.
March 11, lat 36 43 lon 72 47, ship Sunrise, fm New York for Galveston.
No date, lat 42 25, lon 46 06, ship Priscilla, fm New Orleans for Liverpool, with rudder broken. Refused assistance.
March 16, lat 34 15, lon 71 40, barque Tidal Wave, fm Boston for New Orleans.
March 17, lat 31 08, lon 71 17, barque S B Hale, fm Cardenas.
March 18, lat 31, lon 74 40, sch Starlight, of Calais, fm Cardenas, bound North.
March 16, lat 34 lon 74 30, sch S S Bickmore, fm New York for Savannah.
March 20, lat 31 48, lon 72, sch St Croix, Eaton, from Portland for Cardenas.
March 21 9 miles N of Barnegat, sch Kalmar, Lambert, fm New York for Philadelphia, repairing sails.

New Advertisements.

WM. ALLEN, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Fruit and Confectionery, No 11 Exchange St

SEED POTATOES.—King of the Earlies, $1.50 per peck, $4 00 per bushel, $10 00 per bbl. Bresee's Prolific, Excelsior, Climax, Early Snowball, Early Mohawk, 71 cts per peck, $2 per bushel, $5 00 per bbl. Peerless, $1.50 per peck, $3.50 per bushel, $7.50 per bbl. The King of the Earlies is the famous potato that was sold in 1869 at $5 for a single eye and $50 for a single potato. It is about ten days earlier than the Early Rose, tubers large and handsome, skin nearly white flesh white and floury and of the best quality. The Bresee's Prolific originated in Vermont, yields enormous crops. One man reports raising a bushel from six hills. Skin nearly white, flesh very white and floury—one of the best for the main crop. Descriptive circulars sent free.
TROPHY TOMATO—very smooth and early—some specimens weighing nearly two pounds. The seeds sold last season for 25 cts each, and in packets containing 20 seeds for $5. About $1000 were sold last season at the above prices. One packet, 25 cents, 5 packets $1 00, 12 packets, $2 00; per ounce $8. Also Trophy Tomato Plants for sale.
Also the NEW JOINT POP CORN, producing 6 to 10 ears on each stalk, yielding from 150 to 200 bushels of ears per acre. One packet of about 200 kernels, 25cts; 5 packets $1 00, 12 packets, $2 00. Sent by mail free of postage. Descriptive circulars sent free. For sale by
MOSES G. HUSSEY, North Berwick, Me
Boxes, barrels and carting to depot or express office free.
1-31

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A series of Music Books adapted to Schools of all grades. Each book complete in itself.
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CHARLES H. DITSON & CO., New York.

SITUATION WANTED
Wanted by a lady, a teacher of some years experience, who is a Normal Graduate, a situation as Teacher in a High or Grammar school, or as Governess. Address ATWELL & CO., Advertising Agents,
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Good Female Help of all kinds is now wanted at the new Cotton and Jute Mills at Methuen. Steady help can find constant work at remunerative wages. Methuen is a beautiful village within two miles of the manufacturing city of Lawrence. Apply at the Mill or address by letter,
METHUEN CO.,
Methuen, Mass.
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BALDWIN'S
Diamond Steel Shoe Knives.
Sold in Portland by JAMES BAILEY & CO.
Dealers in Saddlery Hardware, &c.
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$150 A Month.
EMPLOYMENT! EXTRA INDUCEMENTS!
A premium Horse and Wagon for agents. We desire to employ agents for a term of seven years, to sell the Buckeye $20 00 Shuttle Sewing Machines. It makes a stitch alike on both sides, and is the best low-priced, licensed machine in the world. W. A. HENDERSON & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, or St Louis, Mo.
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A sure relief for DYSPEPSIA and all diseases arising from derangement of the digestive organs. Containing the best TONICS and AROMATIC STIMULANTS in a solid form, it is the most economical article in use. It dissolves instantly in water. Wine or Spirit may be added. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.
Send for circular
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Catalogues sent free to any address.
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PAGE'S PORTABLE PUMP,
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UNPRECEDENTED SALES! Large Commission! Wanted Agents, male and female, to sell pictures everywhere. One agent alone has sold 3000 at 71 cents each. Another agent writes "I can make more money in this business than I could on a $10,000 farm all stocked." Address only with stamp
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1-2t 654 Broadway, N. Y.

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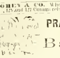

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It has proved the
GREATEST REMEDY
For COUGHS, COLDS, and ALL CONSUMPTIVE DIFFICULTIES, ever known.
Send for a circular containing an account of its discovery and numerous certificates of cures effected, and then call on your druggist for a bottle. All druggists do or should keep it. Geo C Goodwin & Co., Weeks & Potter, Cutler Bros & Co., Rust Bros & Bird, and Burr & Perry, Boston, and W. F. Phillips & Co., Portland, are Wholesale Agents.
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The virtues of simple Tea, as a Hair Tonic and Preserver have long been known, but no attempts have been made to extract the oil scientifically. By a process peculiar to this preparation, the essential oil of the tea plant has been added to other vegetable extracts, and an unequalled Toilet Article for the Hair is the result. It is especially useful to prevent the hair from falling out or growing thin and as a wash for the scalp, to stimulate the hair bulbs and prevent the gradual decay and loss of color in the structure of the hair tubes. Price $1 00.
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1-26teow 120 Warren Street, Roxbury, Mass.

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CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES
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The buildings are nearly new and consists of a fine brick house 32x38 with an ell, slated roof and copper gutters barn 38x72 clapboarded and painted, and stable 24x36, all in good repair. This property will be sold low if applied for soon. Apply to the subscriber at Saco, or at 233 Commercial St., Portland.
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Portland Feb. 8th, 1871 41-2m

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FAVORITE SILK IN THE MARKET,
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Smoothness, Strength, Elasticity
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FULL SIZE.
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Kidneyrine,
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For all kinds of
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From the mildest form of the disease to the most critical cases. A marked benefit is derived from the first bottle. It is also a sovereign cure for
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The article has been used in Gloucester several years with decided success.
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Manhood, Womanhood, &
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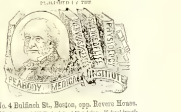

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33-1y

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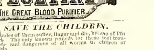
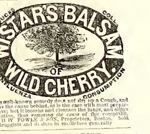


SAVE THE CHILDREN.
Multitudes of them suffer, linger and die, because of Pin Worms. The only known remedy for these most troublesome and dangerous of all worms in children or adults is
DR. GOULD'S PIN-WORM SYRUP.
Purely vegetable, safe and certain. A valuable cathartic, and beneficial to health. Warranted to cure.
25-6m G. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, and druggists.



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Closet Co.,
19 Doane St.,
BOSTON, and
16 Exchange Street,
PORTLAND.

Poet's Corner.

Written for the Portland Transcript
A FELINIOUS ASSAULT.
BY IVAN, THE SOOF

Once upon a Night in Autumn,
Sleepy and not in vain I sought rest,
While I ruminated turned and pondered,
And as rumbling still perished
Till each joint was sore,
But at length, none calm reposing,
I was very drowsy,
(Think you logan to snore),
When suddenly there came a noising,
And of a dying person groaning,
Or quiet, lest, for this cause moaning,
On the internal shoes,
Startling the ear of Night,
(And any one else.)

All my senses rose awaking,
Of my head I drew with shaking
Heads, the quill, partaking
Of the ostrich-like idea,
That if my hand was safe, my body need not fear.

It was in the dinar October,
And I drew near unto
Those on that midnight in October,
In days of yore,
Presently my hand grew bolder,
My ungrasped brain grew subtler,
And I thought 'tis but in meaning—
For something that I have never known—
'Tis nothing but the night wind's roar
But hark! that horrid sound breaks in once more
'Tis meeter, clearer, louder than before.

With a deep, unearthly growling,
And combat and muffled howling,
The awful scheme rose, to a most terrific howling
Then in sympathetic suffering,
And dread portentous quiveringly,
Most dismal, hideous and forevermore
Then it rang out in one thrilling,
Up I start, tables overturning,
And the echoes were no sparing,
(Tis afraid I swore)
Here I speeded the while I wonders,
And the cold cast wind so
Thrilled my forehead out to my beam's care,
Darkness there and something more.

"Thank God, will you not leave me;
Of work-shop will you harass me
Forevermore?
This I said, and many more,
But on answer they not deigning,
Silence, misery, and darkness reigning,
Then undaunted courage fingered,
I seized the poker from the fire,
And threw my hat and boots, intent on routing
The thing, strange, zealously shutting
Till my throat was sore.
And the awful spectral out from every pore grew.

At my missiles swerving deftness,
They exterminated with hunger and grief
Lasting all my relentlessness,
Slunk I back to bed once more
And the fire fire and followed before.

And the tenacious hell-fire flitting—fill an spitting—
Keeping up an awful pattering,
And a most demoniac clattering,
And a hideous screaming—screaming,
While my fur was in a hurry!
And all story my spirits spurring
Forevermore!

Fun and Sentiment.

—A limb of the law—Punch.

—To perform the check-quit—A kick on the spirits of the press!—A gloss of fiction.

—Spare moments are the gold-dust of time.

—How to avoid hearing ills—Go to your ballot.

—The best person to please your earnings—Boss.

—Levity is the soul & wit and brevity the body.

—Love is an interest passport—So is a canal boat.

—A cool request—Drink to me only with thine ice.

—Can a lover herafloat a suitor, when he don't suit her.

—Religious calls—Keep to the right of the Lord's road.

—A loyal toast in Algiers—Many happy returns of the Dey.

—The right kind of timber for castleies the air—Sentiments.

—When is a concert-singer silent?—When he folds his piece.

—Who is the weather like a cowboy's sleep?—Both it's snuggy.

—Why is a thunder-storm like an ocean?—Because it is part on peal.

—He needs to think what we say from to say what we think.

—"Jail Delivery bill—a nothing-crossed hiding and be crossed on ocean.

—One of the most successful painters in Wisconsin is a widow who has not buried her sixth husband.

—An Illinois newspaper, speaking of Killing Jarrett, says he looks as if he had just stepped out of the Old Testament.

—We are told "the evening wore on," but we are never told what she evening were on that occasion. Was it the close of a winter day?

—Men are frequently like ice—the rein strength and goodness is not proved, drawn out of them until they have been a short time in hot water.

—An Illinois postmaster gives notice as follows: "After this date, everybody must lick their own postage stamps, for my tongue's given out."

—A very particular swain in Hunting-don sent his sweetie to the paper with the addition, "No cardamons." He said he despised shrevelicus.

—The Lowell Journal says that a certain individual was greatly perplexed at the opening of the Masonic rooms, the other night, to understand the ways and whereforces of the three large candles, which had conspicuous positions. He viewed them on all sides, thoughtfully summing up in his mind their probable use. At last his patience was exhausted, and turning suddenly about, he made bold to ask a Mason "What those candles were for?" The Mason looked about him to see that no one was near, and exacting most solemn promise of secrecy, got close up to the ear of his friend, and with bated breath whispered: "The candles are to learn."

Fact and Fancy.

SUNRISE.—Parson O, used to tell the following story with evident relish. As was the custom in those days, he had taken into his family a poor lad as "chore boy." It occurred to the one day that he ought to interest himself in the lad's welfare. Acting upon the thought, he sat once called him into the study and with a visage decently composed, according to the pattern then decreed desirable when religion was the topic, addressed the urchin as follows: "Sam, do you know that you are a sinner?"

"Yes," falteringly replied Sam.

"Do you know what will become of you, if you do not repent?"

Receiving no coherent reply, he himself rude paper-cutter and redoubling, encouraged by the evident impression made by his words, and feeling no small compunction for the child, that he had so long neglected a "subject of grace" so promising. At last a warm and wondering look evinced to a sudden suspicion, to verify which he inquired,—

"Sam, what is a sinner?"

Imagine the situation when the "subject of grace" promptly responded,—

"Sinner, Sir? Yes, Sir, sinners is the things is turkey's legs, Sir!"

The source of his parson's face reheard.

AN EXPLOSION.—The steamer S. exploded several years ago with terrible effect, and burned to the water's edge. Captain S. was blown into the air, alighted on a floating cotton bale, upon which he floated unhurt, but much blackened and demobilized. Arriving at last at a village several miles below, to which news of the disaster had preceded him, he was overtaken by the editor of the village paper, with whom he was well acquainted, eager for an item:

"I say, is the S. blown up?"

"Yes."

"Was Captain S. killed?"

"I am Captain."

"The blunder you are. How high were you blown?"

Their enough to think of every mean thing I ever did in my life before I came down here."

The editor started on a run for his office. The paper was about going to press, but not wishing to deprive them of intelligence, for the next issue was two weeks off, he wrote as follows:

"The steamer S. has burst her boilers, as we learn from Captain S., who says he was up high enough to think of every mean thing he ever did in his life before he lit. We suppose he was up for about three months."

A SHARP RETORT.—Some years ago, Barney Williams, the popular Irish comedian was performing at one of the New York theatres the character of an "Irishman's worth of a situation in America."

"There happened to be among the large audience assembled on that occasion, an individual named Ben Hill (Irish,) whom she had taken with her on that evening, and while the latter was on the stage in the act of reading a newspaper to ascertain if there were any situations advertised in it suitable for Bridget, to apply for, the Hill child became quite uneasy, and began to cry loudly. At that moment Barney Williams turned his eyes off the paper toward the audience and willingly said,—'A wet Irish Bard Again!' The audience nearly fell to from the assemblage followed Barney's joke.

"The English lady, apparently embarrassed, hastily rose to her feet, and in a loud voice, and with a voice that was distinctly heard all over the theatre, said—'No Irish Bard Again!'

"Barney hid his head behind the paper, while the audience in ecstacies at the lady's quick wit, gave her three hearty cheers as ever rang out on any occasion"

—A funny flash of the inn hid an offence—not closer to a man's ship. One day a elderly gentleman, of the legislature, blundered into the shop.

"Is the Assembly up?"

"Don't live here," said the lawyer, who was in full sortable over some old documents.

"O, I thought this was his office."

"Next door."

"Pray, sir, can you tell me has the doctor many patients?"

"Not living."

The old gentleman told the story in the evening, and the editor thanked the lawyer with a libel.

—A Kentucky Congressman went out riding with his family one day, and in his own words: "We were nearing a small skirt of woods, the horses at their best speed, I had abandoned all my reins, and just when we reached a particular spot, I would 'pop' the question, and as I did, but, would you believe it? I missed fire. Just as the word escaped her lips I purposely ran the sleigh into a stump. Out we went, she to steal her person in the snow, and I to counteract the damage she had given my affections. Her head went under getting back to the sleigh were: 'Excuse me, sir, I wished to tell you to salute the stump.' We often refer to the sleigh-ride, but to this day she believes it was an accident. We live near by Indianaline—divorce is not wanted."

—A wealthy bachelor married, off-hand, a beautiful young lady whose he caught bewitching cooks-stoves at the fair. Since then you can't get within forty rods of the store department for the crowd of pretty girls.

—"Then Jonah's fellow-passengers pitched his overboard, they evidently regarded him a neither proper nor less.

—Little fish have a proper idea of business. Not having able to do better, they start one small scale.

Enigmas, Rebuses, &c.

Written for the Portland Transcript.
GEOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 102 letters:
My 96 106 9 51 77 14 14 21 22 13 11 56 is the force that moves glaciers.
My 5 26 77 47 87 is a rock, so called from its resemblance to a toad.
My 22 100 10 66 76 108 107 90 32 72 59 78 83 104 34 is a remarkable example of trap-rocks.
My 86 37 42 95 3 is a mineral found in silver mines.
My 98 103 93 7 4 69 79 25 54 is a South Sea Islander, remarkable for his size.
My 8 23 24 39 40 61 73 85 91 64 is 12 26 is a fossil animal of extinct species, between Nahant and Lynn.
My 52 99 3 102 107 7 19 97 27 46 is descriptive of My 75 18 31 55 74 81 88 89 97 8.
My 48 33 34 28 58 44 63 50 is also characteristic fossils of the carboniferous age.
My 105 6 29 48 94 60 44 is a division of the Wealden.
My 17 49 37 91 90 is the direction of coast.
My 35 96 66 27 67 62 38 39 15 is a great boulder in Massachusetts.
My 30 41 82 16 92 75 43 36 92 70 41 53 condutes the first fossils of living species.
My 22 45 70 84 47 56 69 100 108 99 75 104 101 shows is a beautiful fossil found in the Mt. Holyoke, Mass.
My 87 45 2 1 18 53 63 76 22 12 18 is a fossil animal, found in the Connecticut River sandstone.
and so jewelry.
My whole is the language of Prof. Agassiz,
Cæsar Augustus, N. H. F. W. B.

Written for the Portland Transcript.
CHARADE NO. 1.

First, though I'm sometimes false, I'm often true,
And in the world you will see me, too;
Though eager crowds all seek me when I'm young,
Yet I'm despised as soon as I grow old.
Some I delight and others I annoy,
Some I employ, but all I'm sure destroy.

Second, I of a fair complexion boast,
Useful to mortals, sometimes to ghost;
Sometimes I'm found in cellars, and in jars;
At times I'm safe as one who fasts away,
Sometimes I'm found in cities, and in bars,
And I reveal how many a love goes cold.

My whole is really upon a strange affair
And has a deal to do with the air;
Found fault with and attacked on every score,
Yet I'm sure you'll find me out more.

M. J. M. S.

Written for the Portland Transcript.
ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

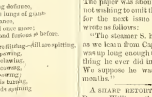
With what five pieces of United States coin can you make the exact number of cents equivalent to twenty, indirect?

J. S. GUY.

Written for the Portland Transcript.
CHARADE WORDS.

1. An animal. 2. A girl's name. 3. To plod fast. 4. To relax.
Mason, Maine. Bumpkin.

For the Portland Transcript.
ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



Let's see the difference between us.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG WIFE.
ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

To Enigma.—Henry W. Longfellow, Cambridge, Mass.

To Illustrated Rebus.—Don't spend your money for what you don't want.

To Cross-Word Enigma.—Shrimp.

To Charade.—Hemlock, Hemstitched.

To Square Words.—

L	I	N	G
I	R	O	N
N	O	S	E
G	N	E	W

Special Notices.

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Troubles on the Face.

For Comedones, Black Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, Blotches, Discolorations, Tetter, Salt Rheum and other Diseases of the Skin, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is invaluable. It is unfailing in its effects. Prepared only by Dr. R. C. Perry, Dermatologist, New York. Sold by all druggists everywhere.

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Of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and Sores in general, "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery" is a potent remedy. Even the most severe and lingering cases of these obstinate diseases are conquered by it, and the system left in a healthy condition. Sold by druggists. Price $1.00 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.00. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

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The Celebrated
Murray & Lanman's Florida Water.

The most lasting, agreeable, and refreshing of all perfumes, for use on the Handkerchief, at the Toilet, and in the Bath. For sale by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Maine Savings Bank.
$100,000. Deposits made in Bull, on or before the fourth day of April, will draw interest from the first day of January. CHAS. F. DEERING, Treas.
Portland, March 28th, 31.

Clothing and furnishing Goods,
AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
ROBINSON'S 250 Congress-st.

MEN'S & BOYS' CLOTHING
can be had at the Shakespeare. Also
Gent's Furnishing Goods,
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Consumption,
ITS CURE AND ITS PREVENTIVE.
By J. H. SCHENCK, M. D.

Many a human being has gained away, for whom death was prematurely preparing the way, by the use of that universally proved remedy of ours. Those relieved and those by family and friends are desperate cases, and given up to die, are numerous.

DR. JOSEPH H. SCHENCK'S SIMPLE TREATMENT.

Is the most successful in curing Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. It is not strongly mercurial, nor violently vegetable, but is a medium between the two, and is perfectly safe.

In this treatment more is neither pronounced, nor the Blue Mass, nor Cathartic Pills. The Pulmonic Syrup and a change in the Sea Weed and Mandrake Pills are the only medicines required. It is not strongly mercurial, nor violently vegetable, but is a medium between the two, and is perfectly safe.

The details of the cases of consumption relieved by Dr. Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills would fill a large pamphlet. It is unnecessary to publish them here. Suffice it to say, that the most desperate cases of consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, that have been given up by other physicians, have been cured by this treatment.

CONSUMPTION.

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The work of cure is now beginning. The sickened and debilitated system is being built up, and health is now fast regained. The liver, too, is aided, by means of the compound pills originally. The stomach is also materially benefited, and the whole system is in a healthy condition.

A DEPOT OF DISEASE.

The Seaweed Tonic, in connection with the Pills, purifies and invigorates the whole system, and thus there is no purgative, either in the previous actions. Digestion is promoted, and the food taken into the stomach is converted into good, rich blood, which is the great source of health. As appetizers to

Dr. Schenck's Seaweed Tonic

Should be taken with the Pulmonic Syrup and the Mandrake Pills. The Seaweed Tonic assists in the digestion of the food taken into the stomach, and gives to the blood the principles which it needs to make it pure and healthy. Without the Seaweed Tonic the Pulmonic Syrup cannot do its perfect work. The Seaweed Tonic is a gentle tonic, and is perfectly safe in all cases.

GIVEN UP AS LOST.

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GIVEN UP AS LOST.

Second, I of a fair complexion boast,
Useful to mortals, sometimes to ghost;
Sometimes I'm found in cellars, and in jars;
At times I'm safe as one who fasts away,
Sometimes I'm found in cities, and in bars,
And I reveal how many a love goes cold.

My whole is really upon a strange affair
And has a deal to do with the air;
Found fault with and attacked on every score,
Yet I'm sure you'll find me out more.

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GIVEN UP AS LOST.

VEGETINE.

REPORTS FROM HOME!

BOSTON, 1871.

To H. R. STEVENS, Proprietor of VEGETINE:

The Great Blood Purifier!

We, the undersigned, residents of Boston, having taken VEGETINE ourselves, or used it in our families, are aware of many others taking it and receiving great benefit from it, and we believe it to be the best of all the blood purifiers we have any knowledge of. We have witnessed its effects in many of the most severe cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Canker, Humors, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworm, Syphilitic Diseases, Female Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, General Debility, and many other complaints, and we believe it to be the best preparation yet offered to the public for diseases arising from impurities in the blood.

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JAMES COOK,	9 Boston, Engravers.
H. H. HAYES,	13 Brookline, M. D.
REV. D. A. SEARS,	Broadway, 2 Boston.
REV. J. H. TWOMBLY,	44 Hanover, D. D. Boston.
FRANK M. TAYLOR,	Cor. Devis & Albemarle.
REV. E. H. DUNBAR,	44 Hanover, D. D. Boston.
L. B. CARDELL,	44 Brookline.
MONTOE FARRER,	307 Atkinson.
HARRY SMITH,	Cor. Washington & Boylston.
MRS. A. G. CARDELL,	135 Dorchester-st.
MRS. M. J. TOWNSEND,	10 Dorchester-st.
WYMAN GOODEN,	44 Tilden-st. 8 Boston.
CHAUNCEY BARNES,	44 Tilden-st. 8 Boston.
S. H. THEEN,	44 Boston.
MRS. E. A. GOODWIN,	44 Boston.
LEWIS NOBLE,	44 Boston.
U. S. PETTINGILL,	9 Blake-street.
WILLIAM V. BRIGHT,	44 Boston.
GEO. H. HERSEY,	30 Broadway, 8 Boston.
EDWARD JOY,	Beverly Farms, Boston.
WM. J. WALSH,	Merchants' Ex. Boston.
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W. H. WHITING,	44 Linden-st., 8 Boston.
MRS. ELIZA OLDHAM,	44 Harvard-st., Boston.
J. V. BEERS,	7 Harrison-av., Boston.
MRS. E. BEERS,	7 Harrison-av., Boston.
IRA J. WOOLF,	23 Congress-st., Boston.

1-31

J. J. H. Gregory's SEED CATALOGUE.

My annual Illustrated Catalogue, containing a list of Seeds, with descriptions and directions for their cultivation, and the choicest vegetables, will be mailed free to all applicants. Those who have not received it will please notify me of their address. Address J. J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

Vegetine.

Vegetine is the strength and life of the vegetable kingdom, and is the best blood purifier ever offered to the public. Vegetine is the best remedy for Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, Blotches, Tetter, Ringworm, Syphilitic Diseases, Female Complaints, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Piles, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Kidney Complaints, Nervousness, General Debility, and many other complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for Canker. Vegetine is the best remedy for Humors. Vegetine is the best remedy for Erysipelas. Vegetine is the best remedy for Syphilitic Diseases. Vegetine is the best remedy for Female Complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for Dyspepsia. Vegetine is the best remedy for Liver Complaint. Vegetine is the best remedy for Dizziness. Vegetine is the best remedy for Sick Headache. Vegetine is the best remedy for Constipation. Vegetine is the best remedy for Piles. Vegetine is the best remedy for Rheumatism. Vegetine is the best remedy for Dropsy. Vegetine is the best remedy for Neuralgia. Vegetine is the best remedy for Kidney Complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for Nervousness. Vegetine is the best remedy for General Debility. Vegetine is the best remedy for many other complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for all of the above complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for all of the above complaints. Vegetine is the best remedy for all of the above